PRIVATE EYE

No. 826
Friday
13 Aug. 93

90p

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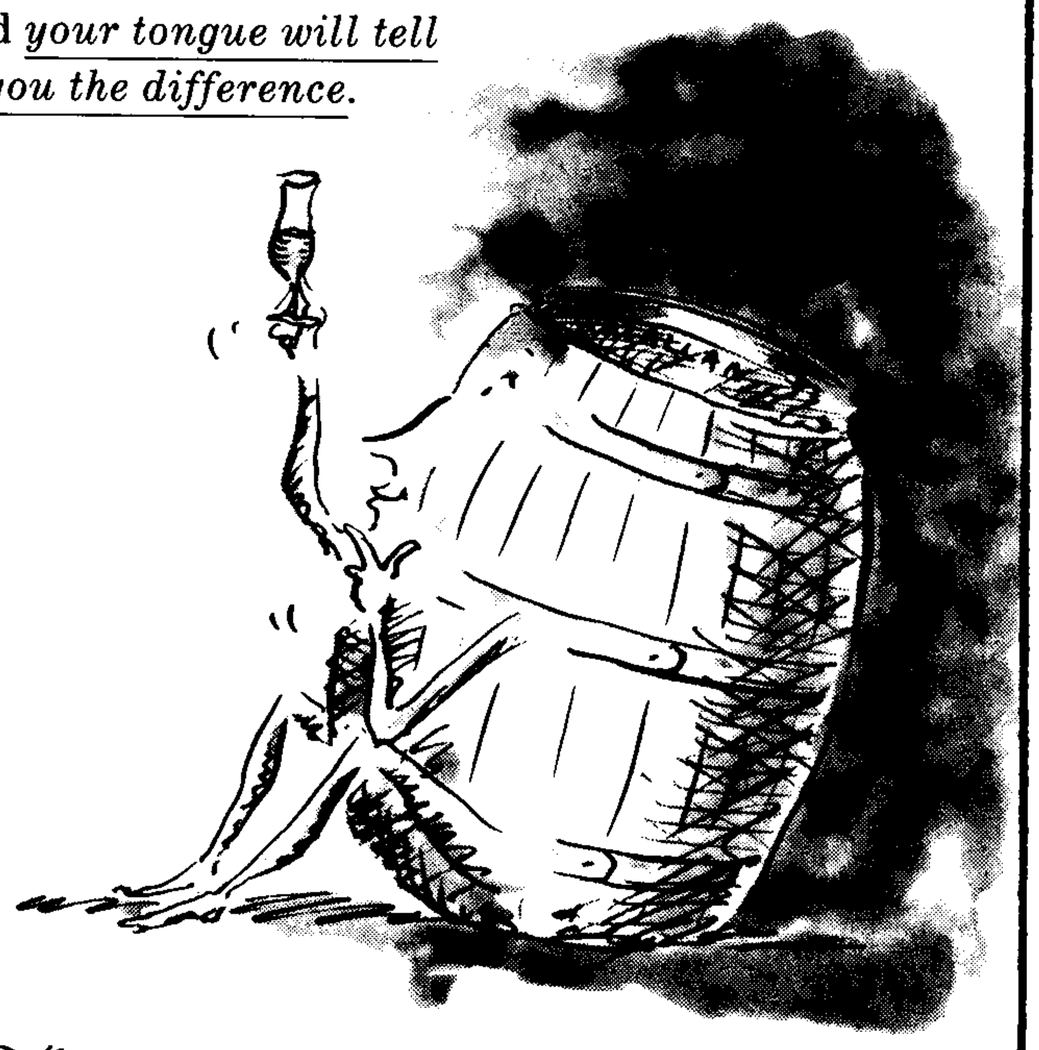

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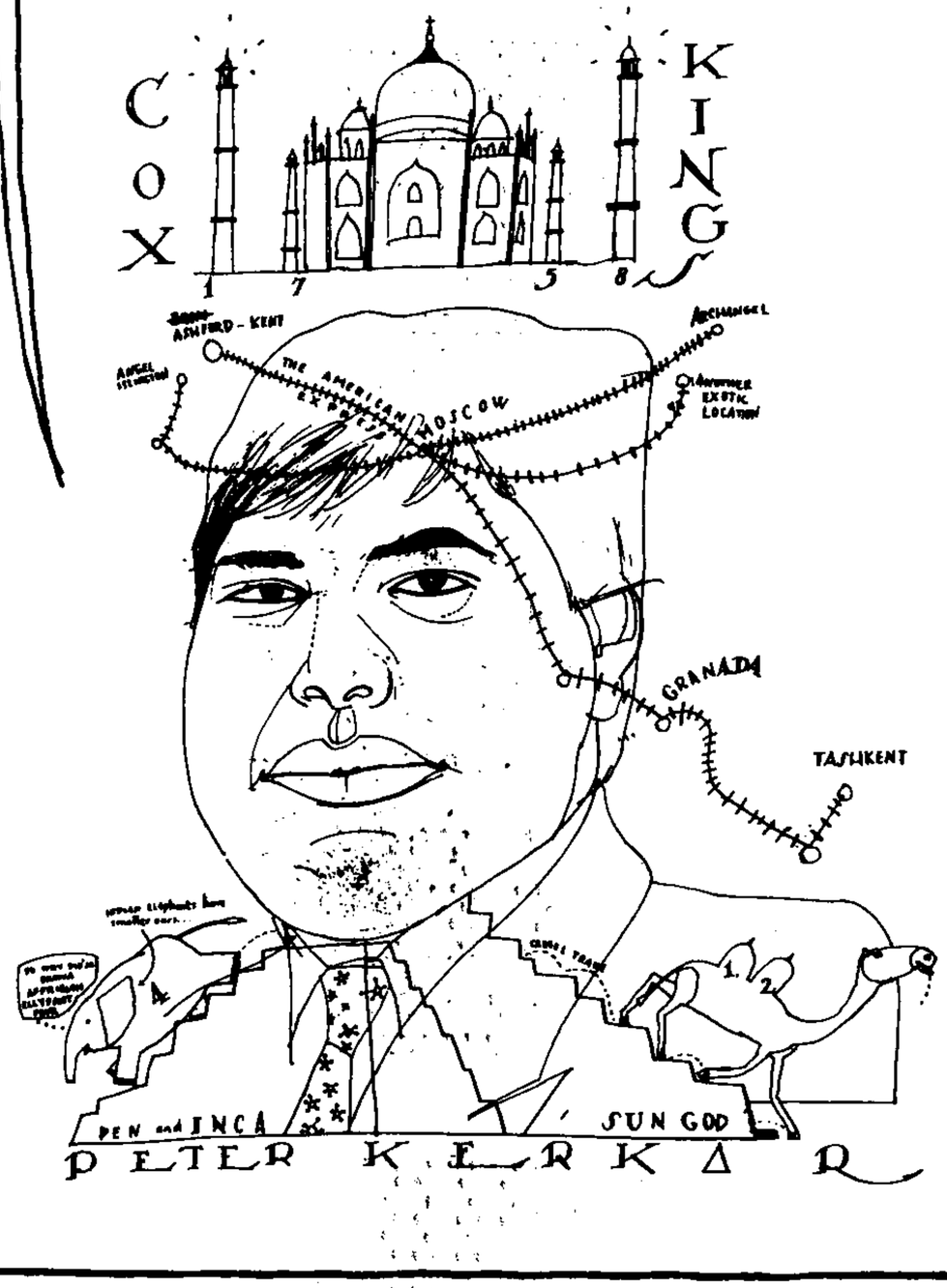

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Gnome

AFTER THE sterling efforts of my predecessors, Lord Carrington and Lord Owen, Her Majesty's Government have now asked me to act as chief intermediary in the tragic crisis that afflicts the territory of Bosnia Hercegovina in the former Republic of Yugoslavia.

I have held preliminary talks with all the concerned parties, viz John Major, Douglas Hurd and the Foreign Office, and I believe that I have worked out a plan that all three participants can agree upon.

It involves no compromise on any of their behalf and has, if I can immodestly claim such a thing, a very high chance of success in ending the war. The Lord Gnome Plan, as it will be known, involves:

1) The immediate withdrawal of the Bosnian Muslims from the town of Sarajevo: under threat of air attack if need be.

2) The setting up of Sarajevo as a Safe Area for the Bosnian Serbs, to be policed by UN Forces drawn from a neutral country such as Serbia.

3) The Bosnian Muslims to surrender all territory gained from Serbian or Croatian occupancy during the last thousand years to a UN ambassador such as Radovan Karadzic.

4) The leaders of the Bosnian Muslims to be tried for war crimes after criminally trying to prolong the war.

5) Er...

6) That's it.

E. Strobes
pp Lord Gnome
pp UK/EC/US/UN/NATO
Telex: Milosovictory

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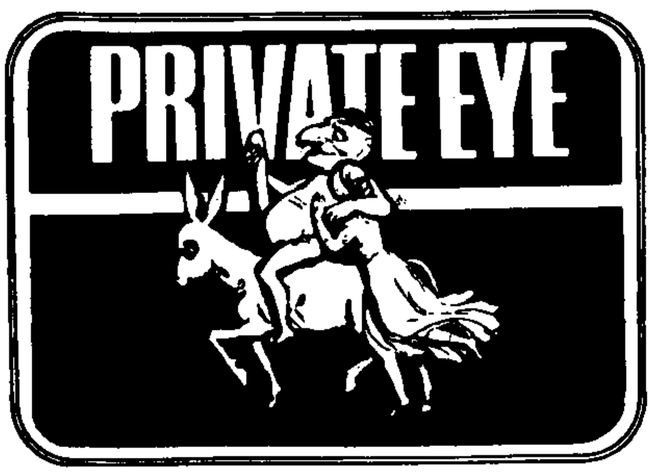


COLOUR SECTION

THE *EYE*'S coverage of the Iraqgate inquiry continues to influence its urbane chairman, Lord Justice Scott.

Only recently we suggested the names of top businessmen who should give evidence alongside top politicians such as Major, Thatcher, Heseltine, Waldegrave, Mellor etc. Lord Justice Scott was plainly influenced by the list when he gave a rare interview to his favourite reporter at the inquiry, Jimmy Burns.

Scott has loved Burns ever since the latter's memorable profile of the lord justice in which he celebrated Scott's qualifications as an enemy of the establishment (expensive South African schools, Cambridge, the South African and Canadian Bars, the court of chancery etc), and the great blow he struck for "libertarianism" when he ordered the sequestration of miners' union funds during the 1984/5 strike.

Wrote Burns about his interview: "The judge has not ruled out taking evidence from two former heads of the ministry of defence's defence export sales organisation, Sir James Blyth, now chief executive of Boots and Sir Colin Chandler, chief executive of Vickers. He has yet to take a decision on Sir John Cuckney, who was chairman of IMS, the government-owned defence sales company between 1974 and 1985."

What a coincidence! The *Eye* list named Blyth, Chandler and Cuckney; and we also suggested Sir John Bourn, former ministry of defence official in charge of arms sales, who, as comptroller and auditor general wrote the banned report into the bribes paid to Saudi princes in exchange for arms contracts in the 1980s.

There are others the judge won't interview in public. Burns reports: "What will not be made available to the public will be an appendix of evidence gathered from intelligence agents".

CLIVE SOLEY, the super-sanctimonious Labour MP, insists on accuracy and decency in newspapers, which is why he introduced a private members' bill to correct press inaccuracies by law.

He promised that the law would not infringe the freedom of the press: there were already enough restrictions on that, he claimed, citing the libel laws as an example.

Mr Soley then proved that he was not against a little freelance speculation himself. In June, with the *Grauniad*, he staged a dramatic intervention in the Commons to allege that the Saudi royal family had discussed donations to the Tory party with a minister.

He refused to disclose which minister, which Saudi royal, or who had told him this amazing thing. Because he said it in the Commons he could not be sued; and nor could the *Graun* as it was protected by parliamentary privilege.

Mr Soley then went on Sky Television with an irate Sir Norman Fowler, chairman of the Tory party, who called him a liar. At once the Sky interviewer asked Soley if he would be suing Sir Norman. Soley was all jovial bonhomie. "If he is calling me a liar, I'm not sure whether I could sue for that," he quipped. "I suppose if I was as sensitive as the Tory party, I would start talking about it. I think this talking about suing and libel is actually silly..."

On three occasions in the interview Soley repeated that if allegations similar to the ones he had made in the Commons had been made about him, he would not threaten those who made them with libel but would deal with the allegations "in a straightforward manner".

Soley then returned to the Commons and issued a straightforward libel writ against Sir Norman. He also sued Sky TV, with whom he has not settled. The writ against Sir Norman is still extant, and Sir Norman is reportedly intending to defend himself vigorously. How very embarrassing for Soley if it ever goes to court...

EVER-KEEN to prove their commitment to free market forces, Britain's three big supermarket chains — Tesco, Sainsbury and Safeway — have formed a cartel to try to stop an American rival, Costco, from opening its discount warehouses over here.

Their bizarre argument is that British shoppers are apparently "not ready" for cheaper food. The PR consultants whom Tesco and its two chums have hired to put their case are Good Relations, where the campaign is being masterminded by one Peter Bradley.

This cannot, surely, be the same Peter Bradley who as a Labour member of Westminster council is an outspoken critic of Dame Shirley "Tesco" Porter, and has hitherto been only too happy to spread damaging stories about Dame Shirley's supermarkets?

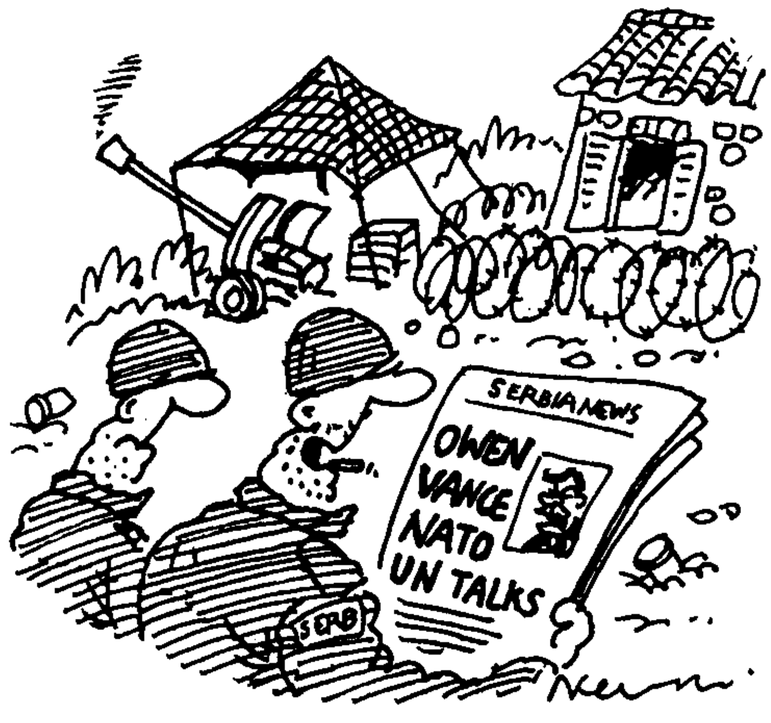
Strangely enough, it can.

WHAT IS happening to the district auditor's report on Westminster council's policy of "political cleansing"?

This was Dame Shirley Porter's brilliant plan to make marginal seats safe by persuading council tenants (believed to be Labour) to make way for decent Tory house-owners. All sorts of efforts have been made first to suppress, now to delay the report.

Could this be because at a single swoop the report makes Tory propaganda about the "waste" of Labour councils dwindle into insignificance? The sum spent on Westminster's gerrymandering is said to have been huge.

If the district auditor does feel obliged to surcharge the Tory councillors involved, it is hard to see how he could expect them to fork out less than £2 million. If so, there is only one former Westminster Tory councillor who is likely to be able to afford it: the dame herself.



"Oh no! Hot Air Strikes!"

STREET of SHAME

VIEWERS may have found it touching to see Mark Wood, the editor-in-chief of Reuters, appear on television to say that it was the saddest day in the organisation's history when three of its employees were killed by an angry mob in Mogadishu.

But if Wood were to visit Nairobi, where the funerals of the Reuters staff took place, he would himself risk being torn apart by an angry mob.

Press colleagues of the deceased men are outraged that neither Wood, nor Peter Job, the Reuters md, nor one single member of senior management saw fit to attend the funerals which took place over four days in Nairobi.

Somehow, however, Wood was able to find the time to drink champagne at the opening of Reuters' new office in Moscow a few days later. Members of the Nairobi-based press corps have written a joint letter to him expressing their profound disgust.

OBSERVER

THE *Observer*, under its new *Grauniad* management, has shown itself a model of liberal management philosophy.

As well as sacking overpaid executives who contributed nothing to the paper, it has behaved shabbily towards some hacks.

For example, former Welsh rugby captain Ken Thomas, who had worked for the sports pages for 34 years, was phoned on a Friday afternoon while on holiday in France and sacked because if he had not been notified by the following day the liability for his redundancy would have passed from former owners Lonrho to the *Grauniad*. Staff who remain are being invited to go on contract and start afresh, which means they can be dismissed at relatively small cost at any time in the next two years.

Alan Watkins, the *Observer*'s political columnist since 1976, felt miffed that certain other hacks were getting pay rises and wrote to Jonathan Fenby, the *Observer*'s editor, suggesting a salary increase of £15,000 (from £45,000 to £60,000 per annum).

Fenby did not respond, but after 10 days Adrian Hamilton approached Watkins to say that "Jonathan is worried because Peter Preston does not want to pay large salaries". Watkins promptly offered his services to Ian Jack, editor of the *Indescribablyboring on Sunday*, who had no difficulty meeting his price.

The only person to decamp from the *Graun* to the *Obs* thus far is sketch-writer Andrew Rawnsley, whom the *Grauniad* political editor gladly sent on his way, advising colleagues: "He's not nearly as good as he thinks he is."

Apart from the scintillating opinions of Melanie "even more dull than Ignatieff" Phillips, the paper is now dominated by the team of journalists, led by Jonathan Price, who sent the circulation of the *Indescribablyboring* into spiralling decline.

The Guardian

READERS of the *Grauniad* must have been puzzled to read a story on 22 July "revealing" that former NUM executive Roger Windsor had been a spy planted on the union by MI5. It was plastered all over pages one and two, but contained not a jot of new information.

The "disclosures" may, of course, not be unrelated to the fact that one of the authors of the *Grauniad* articles, Seumas Milne, is shortly to publish his blockbuster book proving that Arthur Scargill has always been as pure as driven snow. Milne's book will expose Windsor as a pathetic spy and everyone connected with the Scargill financial story of 1990 (*The Cook Report*, *Daily Mirror*, etc) as dupes of the security service.

Milne's book, which has Scargill's blessing, is meant to counteract a less flattering portrait of the great man by former *Observer* hack Paul Routledge. Milne will be promoting it at next month's TUC conference in Brighton, where he is also due to speak at a fringe meeting organised by pisspoor NUJ rag *The Journalist*. His subject? The falling standards of labour reporting.

Windsor, meanwhile, has his own views about the *Grauniad*'s standards of labour reporting: he is still wondering what he must do to get the newspaper to print his denial of having anything to do with MI5.

JUST FANCY THAT

Repossessions fall

THE number of homes repossessed in the first half of this year is expected to show a further fall when figures are released on Wednesday.

Sunday Telegraph 25.7.93 p 2

Repossessions still rising

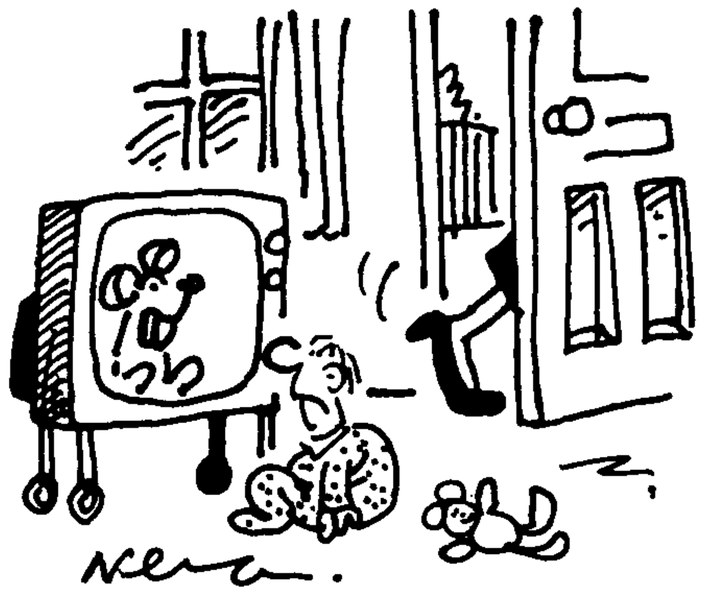
Sunday Telegraph 25.7.93 p 37

The Mail ON SUNDAY

CHESTER STERN, *Mail on Sunday* crime correspondent, continues to cock stories up in the tradition of someone who once worked in Scotland Yard's press bureau.

A recent front-page "exclusive" proclaimed that Asil Nadir was to become president of Northern Cyprus, and hence could return to Britain in triumph with diplomatic immunity. But if the story were true, Nadir would be breaking the law of his adopted country!

Under Turkish Cypriot law, a citizen must possess a degree to become president of Northern Cyprus and Nadir does not have one. Many years ago he did try to buy one (perhaps in anticipation of a future presidential claim), but this was one business transaction he could not complete.



"Bye, honey, you're home alone..."

OBESE *Daily Mirror* editor David Banks celebrated the absence of his two bosses last week — David "Rommel" Montgomery was on holiday, Amanda "Killer Bimbo" Platell off sick — by taking his new sidekick Nick Ferrari out for a leisurely lunch.

It was a most enjoyable repast. The two men returned to the office in such a tired and emotional condition that neither felt capable of taking the afternoon editorial conference, and delegated the task to their understrapper Steve Lynas.

Shortly afterwards, the *Mirror*'s new features editor Jane Moore wandered into Ferrari's office to find the carpet liberally speckled with vomit. It would of course be monstrous to suggest that Banks and Ferrari had in any way overindulged, since we are constantly assured that the "gravy train" at the *Mirror* has hit the buffers.

One can only assume that the duo are suffering from an "eating disorder" of the type which they have recently accused Paul Gascoigne of having. Or perhaps it was a touch of gastric flu. Either way, Lord Gnome wishes them both a speedy recovery.

DAILY Mirror

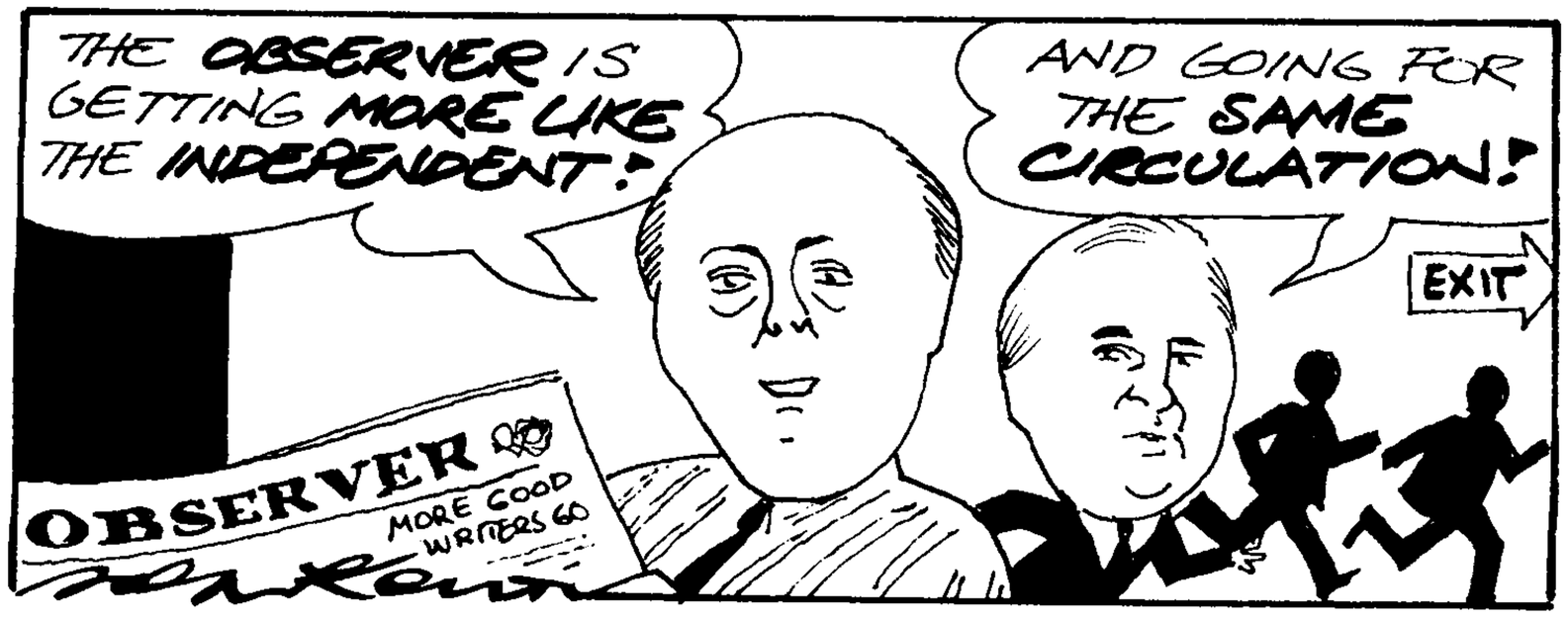
MEANWHILE, some eyebrows have been raised at David "Rommel" Montgomery's recent persecution of a *Mirror* features executive who has been accused of submitting bogus invoices.

Hacks who worked under "Rommel" when he was editor of the *News of the World* recall that he was not always so scrupulous.

One of Rommel's extravagances at the *Screws* particularly irked the paper's northern reporter, Alan Hart. Whenever Hart got an "exclusive" interview with an actor from *Coronation Street*, a freelance hackette by the name of Sharon Feinstein would be dispatched to Manchester by Montgomery in order to write up the story — something Hart had hitherto been quite capable of doing himself. La Feinstein would then submit an invoice for a large freelance fee. On top of that, she also pocketed a percentage of the sum paid by the *Screws* to the soap stars for these interviews.

Hart became so cross at this wasteful duplication that he eventually wrote Rommel a letter of complaint. Only after despatching it did he learn that Sharon Feinstein was, at the time, David Montgomery's live-in lover.

ABSURDER


THE OBSERVER IS GETTING MORE LIKE THE INDEPENDENT!
AND GOING FOR THE SAME CIRCULATION!
EXIT
OBSERVER
MORE GOOD WRITERS GO

NEWS OF THE WORLD

OCCASIONALLY, among the soft porn letters that characterise Philip Hodson's agony column in the *News of the Screws*, are those that tell of real pain.

Of course Hodson devotes most of his space to replying to the sub-girlie mag correspondence — tales of heavy petting on the lounge carpet with the neighbour's husband or wife — and the really needy causes — the ones that won't titillate the readers — get short shrift.

At the end of July, a 13-year-old whose mother was dead and whose father was extremely violent wrote seeking help. Hodson gave the telephone number of a child protection helpline — which was unfortunate as the child's tragic letter started with the words: "I am deaf."

COMPETITION

THE *Sunset Times* style & travel section has hit an all-time low with its stand-in diary columnist. "Peter McKay's Weak" has been replaced, while McLie is on holiday, by "Christa d'Souza's Weaker".

With even bigger pictures than usual, there was a paragraph with photograph to show that home secretary Michael Howard has a priestly mien. Actually he looks more like a smarmy barrister, which is what he is.

There was an insightful reference to "a very clever interior designer friend of mine". There was an item which puffed two Italian restaurants, including Andrew "Brillo Pad" Neill's fave spot, by suggesting that "Bice may soon turn into the San Lorenzo of W1".

There was the self-congratulatory confession that she has decided "from now on to rely exclusively on the London Underground system" because "as a non-driver, I have been spending £200 a week on taxis". And there was this waif-like piece of whimsicality: "A close personal friend of mine has become so obsessed with getting to the cinema on time for the advertisements that she has decided to name her first two children Pearl and Dean".

The only problem with this choice morsel is that Pearl and Dean disappeared from our cinema screens a couple of years ago when the MGM chain decided to join the Odeon chain in using adverts distributed by Rank Advertising Services — which would suggest that neither Christa nor her close personal friend have been to the cinema very recently.

The *Eye* welcomes other nominations for the Worst Holiday Stand-in Columnist of 1993, the winner to be announced in the autumn.

NEWS OF THE SCREWS

WHEN John Major wrote Woodrow Wyatt's pisspoor column in the *News of the World* last weekend, it raised two questions.

What sort of paper would employ John Major as a stand-in columnist? And, more pertinently, what kind of prime minister would agree to do anything for an editor and regime as discredited as Patsy Chapman and her *News of the Screws*?

The story at the *Screws* is a tale of woe.

Staff recently received a "fuck off" letter from "Mrs Mad", saying that if they weren't happy "perhaps you would be happier seeking employment with someone who will better reward your talents" — all because the staff had written to management questioning the sanity of a profit-related pay rise (ie pay cut).

The Dirty Digger wanted to take £3,000 from everyone's salary to reinvest it in the company. The staff protested to Chapman who was embarrassed because she had already told Murdoch that the adjustment was in the bag.

Mrs Mad has been behaving erratically of late. First there was the sacking of her deputy Paul Connew for the cardinal error of having an affair with leggy, twentysomething *NoW* hackette Kathy Lister. Connew's replacement, Sue Carroll, is hardly a paragon of virtue. She has been having an affair with married *Screws* TV critic Charlie Catchpole for the past 11 years.

At a "welcome aboard" party for Carroll, Mrs Mad became tired and emotional on champagne and squealed: "Sue and I are just like Jennifer Saunders and Joanna Lumley in *Absolutely Fabulous*."

Other appointments and departures have followed. Assistant editor (news) Robert Warren was removed from the news desk and allocated a tiny, make-shift office next to Chapman's secretary Vicky Bubb, his new responsibility: forward planning. He has been replaced by news editor Alex Maranchak, who spends his days pleading with hacks to stand up pathetic non-stories about Chapman's home county of Essex.

Then there is the curious behaviour of Chapman towards her political editor, Iain Macaskill. A month or so ago she instituted a by-line count among staff and was mortified to find that Macaskill came top. For whatever reason, she decided to sack him, though gutlessly got Bob Warren to do the dirtywork. A letter was despatched to Macaskill's Epsom home, abruptly terminating his 15-year employment. It took a

"You know your trouble – you listen too much"

brief exchange of lawyers' letters for Chapman to realise that she had made a monumental and potentially costly blunder, and the bewildered hack was swiftly offered his job back.

Julie Burchill has already been signed up by Andrew "Brillo Pad" Neill as film critic of the *Sunset Times*, so who could fill the vacant post at the *Screws*? Step forward Dave Clarke, aka Captain Cash and the long-suffering hubby of Mrs Mad. Clarke may have resigned his staff job as a sub-editor when his wife was appointed editor, but he still works for the paper from the couple's Brentwood home. He already receives six shift payments a week (roughly £700) for writing the Captain Cash column; now he can add a further two shift payments a week for agreeing to become "Our Man in the Stalls".

Nor is he the only member of the Clarke/Chapman menage to receive cash from the Digger's treasure trove. Regular weekly payments of £100 are made to a young freelance called Danny Clarke. Mrs Mad has discovered an ingenious method of solving the pocket-money problem for her 16-year-old schoolboy son.

RAIL NEWS

SAFETY PLANS for Britain's privatised rail network will not be attractive to potential private operators — if such people still exist.

Those who have not been put off by the future splitting of rail operations and infrastructure (see *Eyes passim*), may balk at the signs of nervousness already shown by the health and safety executive, which will oversee rail safety.

"Managers with limited experience of railway safety issues may enter the railway industry," the HSE understated in a recent discussion document. What the prospective non-management-buyout franchises — almost entirely bus firms — probably don't appreciate, however, is the stringency of all aspects of rail safety.

The government has already begun to compromise in an attempt to make the railways vaguely attractive to entrepreneurs. The costly development and implementation of the foolproof automatic train protection (ATP) system — to which the government was committed after the inquiry into the Clapham Junction accident — has been so badly delayed it could be a timetable from the east Kent Misery Line. How much further the government must lower safety commitments to give potential operators the faintest whiff of profit margins is anybody's guess.

The one sensible option would be for BR's existing safety mechanisms — which have evolved gradually since the days of Stephenson's Rocket — and key personnel to be kept in place across the whole network. After all, in 1992/93 *not one single passenger* was killed in a rail accident on British Rail. The government, of course, is determined that the private sector can do better.

ROTTEN BOROUGHS

MANCHESTER

ONE YEAR ON and Metrolink, Manchester's low-tech tram system, is not tearing up the tracks in quite the way its propaganda office claims.

With a nod to the kind of privatised rail system the government would like to implement, Metrolink is bank-rolled by public money through the Greater Manchester Passenger Transport Executive — and run by private operators GMML, 75 per cent of whose shares are held by engineering firms like AMEC and Balfour Beatty.

Although GMML has announced operating profits of £1 million for Metrolink's first year, the company has been less quick to point out that most of the surplus has come direct from the Manchester council taxpayer.

The introduction of the trams coincided with a 30p off-peak go-anywhere ticket for OAPs and school children. Consequently, the supertrams are heaving with kids and oldies and the public sector transport authority must reimburse GMML for the full fare every time a concessionary fare pays 30p.

Unions, meanwhile, have been banished, fares on what used to be ordinary BR lines are up a third and rush-hour passenger figures on the Bury to Manchester section are down by a third. So much for commuters leaving their cars at home and going metro.

LAMBETH

MORE shame for scandal-ridden Lambeth, where £20 million-plus is missing from town hall funds.

In the latest row council computer boss Geoff Steggles has been suspended following an investigation into the borough's link with the computer giant ICL.

Last year ICL pitched for the lucrative Lambeth account and had little trouble convincing town hall leaders to buy a £13 million system. By an amazing coincidence Lambeth's top brass, including Labour leader Steve Whaley and former chief executive Herman Ouseley, had just attended ICL's free "strategic management course" held at a plush £100-a-night conference centre.

Eventually — after the district auditor started nosing around — Lambeth saw the error of its ways and pulled out of the deal. But it did take contracts worth £3.5 million from ICL last year, as well as appointing a former ICL executive, Alan Mitchell, as £33,000-a-year council assistant director.

Is Lambeth any nearer to sorting out its mess? Not quite: an internal investigation to look into Steggles's conduct has been set up by chief personnel officer Jocelyn Fisher. Steggles may wonder about Fisher's own impartiality: he was also at the ICL bash.

NORTHAMPTON

MORE has emerged on Northampton council's decision to hand its Derngate arts centre over to a trust run by disgraced arts impresario Victoria Charlton.

Before Derngate's municipal ties were cut earlier this year, the council hired private consultants to prepare a business plan for the imminent launch of the Derngate Trust. By an amazing coincidence, the consultancy firm which received more than £10,000 for its work, Vision Associates, was run by Victoria Charlton, the same Victoria Charlton who was in charge of the arts promotion company Entertainment Corporation when it went bust in 1991 owing more than £10 million.

It was only after the *Eye*'s recent article that the council's chief executive was told that the council had used Charlton as a paid consultant.

She also happens to be a director of Derngate Enterprises Ltd, the arts complex's trading wing, whose profits are covenanted back to the Derngate Trust. Although trustees can't be paid, directors of the trading company are entitled to a "fair fee for a fair day's work", according to council leader John Dickie.

No "fair fee" has yet been handed over, but the Charity Commissioners are looking into a potential conflict of interest between directors of the Derngate Trust and its trading offshoot.

IF YOU are chairman of the Conservative party and want to boost your income, it helps to know a bit about building materials.

Sir Norman Fowler, the present party chairman, must be delighted with his new part-time job as a non-executive director of building suppliers Bardon Group, where his friend Sir Peter Parker is the chairman.

The money, if not the materials, is certainly interesting. In addition to his £25,000 a year, Fowler has somewhat miraculously — ie quite unlike almost any other similar part-time director in the UK — qualified for options to buy 78,000 shares at a rock-bottom price after forking out his own money to buy only 4,000 shares.

Sir Norman should make a nice fat profit if, as many expect, the Bardon Group is taken over.

NEW home secretary Michael Howard has two "people" problems that might just wipe the smarmy grin from his face.

The more formidable is the lord chief justice, Lord Taylor, who irritated Howard's successor Kenneth Clarke by indulging in public controversy and is now — much to Howard's dismay — threatening to appear on *Question Time*.

If asked, Taylor will no doubt be ready to comment candidly on Howard's second problem — the director-general of the prison service, Sir Derek Lewis.

A somewhat unlikely candidate for the job, Lewis had only lasted a year in his previous post as chief executive of Granada, where few tears were shed when he left. An ex-Ford manager, Lewis is not expected to last very long in his present job. His main qualification was that he was the only applicant who believed in private prisons.

DEFENCE minister Jonathan Aitken took semantics to the outer limits when he assured parliament that no radioactive waste was "currently stored" at the former naval dockyard at Chatham, Kent, where nuclear submarines were once refitted.

While the latest Nirex inventory of such waste in the UK makes no mention of Chatham, Aitken would have been only too aware that officials from his department had recently confirmed to Kent county council that the former dockyard site contained "an area the size of two football pitches full of low-level waste". Furthermore, a collection of liquid effluent in the middle of this contaminated area might well classify as intermediate-level waste.

The distinction between "stored" and "buried" will be lost on many, including local residents who fear that an access slip road for a proposed relief road will run perilously close to the contaminated area and disturb it during construction.

The Aitken interpretation was given the lie in 1990, when MoD officials told the Commons' defence committee that nine of the department's staff were required to monitor the old dockyard's "radioactive waste store and burial site".

Since when has a graveyard required so many attendants?

IF THE government is to be believed, John Gummer, the environment secretary, has undergone an instant brainwash.

In June he said he was delaying a decision about commissioning Thorp, the thermal oxide reprocessing plant at Sellafield, to consider whether it was wanted, and wider issues such as economics and the proliferation of nuclear weapons due to the plutonium Thorp would produce.

Pointedly he did not sign a government motion, supported by the prime minister and Michael Heseltine, saying Thorp should go ahead. But last week, after parliament rose for the recess, the government announced that it was "minded" to go ahead and would reach a decision by 4 October. There was no Gummer-style opt-out.

One must conclude either that "Gummer gets greener", as the *Observer* said on 25 July, and has since had a rapid conversion; or that he remains the most pro-nuclear member of the government and was cynically going through the motions to reduce the risk of a legal challenge (*Eyes passim*).

Greenpeace is preparing just such a case, including a demand to see the contracts which, according to British Nuclear Fuels, would mean heavy penalties if Thorp did not go ahead and which, according to others, mean nothing of the sort.

The government still faces an international challenge from the Paris Commission, which was set up to prevent marine pollution. It has voted — with only Britain opposing — for a ban on further radioactive discharges from reprocessing plants and for a full environmental impact assessment by the EC. The decision is not legally binding, but Britain prides itself on conforming to votes to which she is morally committed.

Among those voting against was Ireland. North and south are united in thinking Sellafield has polluted the Irish Sea quite enough. After Maastricht, the government is aware how important the votes of Ulster MPs can be.

Significantly, THORP's potential customers — Sweden, Germany and the Netherlands — voted against, underlining the view that they do not intend to send their spent fuel rods here for reprocessing but would prefer Britain to take the initiative in calling off the plan in case of arguments over compensation.

SOCIAL security secretary Peter Lilley has been caught out following a prizegiving at the Adam Smith Institute.

Handing out the first annual Adam Smith awards for economy in government, Lilley said he thought he had been banned from such events following an incident at a girls' school in his constituency.

"A particularly attractive sixth former came up to receive her prize," Lilley told his bored audience. "I shook her hand and I gave her her certificate and said to her: 'What do you intend to do when you leave school?' She fluttered her eyelids demurely and said: 'Well, I had intended to go straight home.' "

Funnily enough, that is *exactly* what an attractive schoolgirl said to Sir Cyril Dyson, the jeweller who was born in 1895, when *he* gave out graduation prizes at a girls' school, and Mr Lilley's very personal "anecdote" can be read word for word in the *Faber Book of Anecdotes* (published 1985).

101 USES FOR A JOHN MAJOR (4)

A TRAIN SPOTTER'S ANORAK

LABOUR no longer has the option of losing the next election (as it lost the last one) by pinning its faith on the ERM and all its dreadful works.

How ironic that the party might have won if it had come out in favour of economic growth based on floating exchange rates and lower interest charges, the policy everyone is now so keen on.

Another vote loser, the foolish tax policies which included big increases in national insurance on people earning £400-£600 a week, remains. Shadow chancellor Gordon Brown has recently done his best to abandon this policy, but in so doing has not endeared himself to John Smith, who continues to regret absolutely *rien*.

Smith's devotion to Maastricht remains unshaken. He refused to put down any hostile motion that the rebel Tories could have supported without looking bonkers (as they did when they voted in favour of including the social chapter).

MPs FOR HIRE

PART ELEVEN: LLOYD'S OF LONDON

GIVEN the huge losses of some at Lloyd's, readers might be interested in the "names" of MPs who are members of the London insurance market.

Robert Adley *Christchurch*; **Rupert Allason** *Torbay*; **James Arbuthnot** *Wanstead and Woodford*; **David Ashby** *North-West Leicestershire*; **Nicholas Baker** *North Dorset*; **Spencer Batiste** *Elmet*; **Henry Bellingham** *North-West Norfolk*; **Sir Richard Body** *Holland with Boston*; **Sir Nicholas Bonsor** *Upminster*; **Hartley Booth** *Finchley*; **Peter Brooke** *City of London and Westminster South*; **Winston Churchill** *Davyhulme*; **James Clappison** *Hertsmere*; **Michael Colvin** *Romsey and Waterside*; **David Evennett** *Erith and Crayford*; **David Faber** *Westbury*; **Sir Norman Fowler** *Sutton Coldfield*; **Alastair Goodlad** *Eddisbury*; **Archie Hamilton** *Epsom and Ewell*; **Sir Edward Heath** *Old Bexley and Sidcup*; **Alan Howarth** *Stratford-on-Avon*; **Ralph Howell** *North Norfolk*; **David Hunt** *Wirral West*; **Michael Jopling** *Westmorland and Lonsdale*; **Dame Elaine Kellett-Bowman** *Lancaster*; **Roger Knapman** *Stroud*; **Ian Lang** *Galloway and Upper Nithsdale*; **Peter Lloyd** *Fareham*; **Sir Nicholas Lyell** *Mid-Bedfordshire*; **Paul Marland** *West Gloucestershire*; **Sir Michael Marshall** *Arundel*; **Richard Needham** *North Wiltshire*; **Phillip Oppenheim** *Amber Valley*; **James Pawsey** *Rugby and Kenilworth*; **Timothy Renton** *Mid-Sussex*; **Graham Riddick** *Colne Valley*; **Richard Shepherd** *Aldridge-Brownhills*; **Anthony Steen** *South Hams*; **John Townend** *Bridlington*; **David Tredinnick** *Bosworth*; **Sir Gerard Vaughan** *Reading East*; **Peter Viggers** *Gosport*; **Sir John Wheeler** *Westminster North*.

ONE Labour MP who can be expected to look with charity upon the recent drunken disgrace of his colleague George Foulkes is Dr John Reid, the member for Motherwell North.

Reid himself has a reputation for tired and emotional antics, as when, for example, he picked a fight with fellow Labour MP Gerry Bermingham in a Commons bar, and when he punched one of the doorkeepers of the division lobby for barring his entry after the bell had rung for the end of the division.

Reid has confessed to fellow MPs that he has now braced himself for the possibility that John Smith will finally sack him from his post as defence spokesman in the autumn. The reason for his anxiety, apparently, is a recent incident which resulted in a barman at the Royal Horseguards Hotel being drenched with beer.

'Backbiter'

Grovel

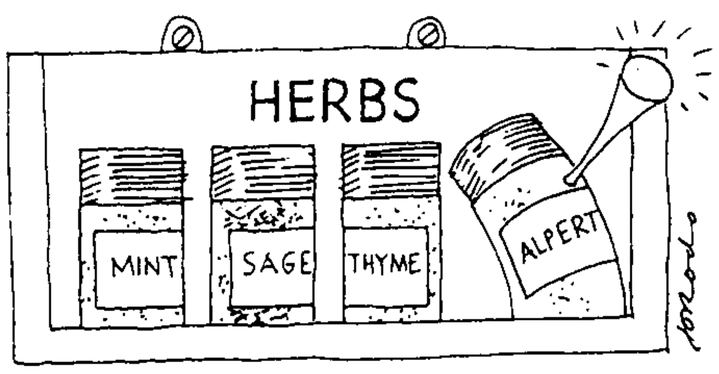
I CONTINUE to be astounded by PR man "Sir" Tim Bell, chum of Mark Thatcher. He charges fees so ludicrously high they are on a par with those of avaricious libel lawyer Peter Carter-Fuck.

One of "Sir" Tim's most lucrative contracts is with the Turkish government, which is well known for its enlightened human rights record. Lowe Bell Communications charges it a retainer of £20,000 a month (£240,000 a year), plus expenses (some PR outfits charge up to £125 a letter).

Lowe Bell, I gather, was signed up despite warnings from senior Tory MPs that the Turks might have been wiser to look elsewhere for a cheaper PR adviser, and that Lowe Bell was not noted for its expertise in Turkish affairs.

So far Sir Tim's contribution appears to be hosting the odd lunch and introducing the Turkish ambassador to the boy Mark, a somewhat dubious privilege, one might have thought. Lowe Bell is not even answering journalists' inquiries about the Turkish account. When one reporter rang to ask about its work he was referred to the Turkish ambassador for comment.

Still, the ambassador is obviously impressed. He was so delighted by his lunch with Mark that he has taken the unusual step of announcing — four months early — that Lowe Bell's contract is to be renewed for a second year.



● *I CAN REVEAL that the Princess of Wales is an avid Eye reader, and that she took note of our recent item about the new royal correspondent of the Sun, Hilary Douglas.*

We reported how Douglas had sent a lubricious computer message to the Sun's assistant editor Neil Wallis explaining that her knickers had splits that gave very "easy access for hands" and requesting what she called a "stress shag".

During her recent visit to Zimbabwe, Princess Diana and her officials attended a reception with the royal press corps. Spying Douglas across the room, Princess Diana asked another hack who the new face was. When the hack mentioned Douglas's name, Diana replied with a giggle: "Oh, she's the office bike, isn't she?"

I SEE FROM a review copy of Lord Goodman's memoirs that he has cast a grotesque slur on the integrity of my old friend Nigel Pratt-Dumpster.

Goodmanzee has suggested the veracity of Pratt-Dumpster is in some doubt, and I presume that the *Daily Mail* diarist will wish to consult his lawyers.

Meanwhile, I am reeling from the revelation that yet another high-profile libel action in which Goodmanzee acted for the plaintiff was a sham.

Ever since the publication of *The Crossman Diaries* it has been known that Labour politicians Dick Crossman, Aneurin Bevan and Morgan Phillips perjured themselves in suing *The Spectator* over an article which alleged that they had been drunk on a foreign trip. Goodmanzee has always denied that he knew of their duplicity.

Now, writer John Pearson has shown that the late Lord Boothby lied when he denied being an intimate friend of Ronnie Kray following a story in the *Daily Mirror* in 1964. When Boothby sued the *Mirror* and received a £40,000 settlement, the lawyer representing him was Arnold Goodman. Naturally, Pearson made it clear that he was not for a moment suggesting that Goodmanzee had any knowledge of Boothby's deception.

However, it is most unfair that in the evening of his days Goodmanzee should be taken to task for the doubtful veracity of his clients.

● *ON A RECENT visit to Ford Open prison I was persuaded to attend a talk in the jail's education department by the mad fraudster and former Monday Clubber, Gregory Lauder-Frost.*

Lauder-Frost could not contain his propaganda on behalf of the master race, or keep unsavoury comments about blacks and Jews out of his history lessons. His course was thus abruptly cut short after complaints from some of the prison's other inmates.

After a suitable probation period, I gather, the dreadful Jack-Boot (as he is popularly known in prison) was able to insinuate himself back into the education department — in the music section — where he wonders aloud where he's going to find next term's school fees for his daughter. He also tries to keep out of harm's way listening to music by the great classical composers, some of whom were of course Jewish. Does the unpleasant Lauder-Frost know this?

TO SOHO and the Groucho Club, the bohemians' favourite watering hole, where no one actually drinks water.

One man not drinking water in large quantities is my old chum Paul Pickering, the larger than life, er, drinker and fighter. Pickering is deep in conversation with a female journo when, late into the evening, something happens to upset the irascible novelist.

Acquaintances of Pickering, familiar with the mad acts of violence he commits when drunk, had imagined that his recent initiation into fatherhood might herald calmer days. Alas, no. When Pickering thinks he is being surreptitiously recorded, he grabs the hackette's tape recorder, runs with it into the street, throws the machine into the air and then gleefully stomps on it.

I for one happen to believe this kind of behaviour is a marked improvement. At least Pickering now seems to derive his entertainment from attacking inanimate objects and causing criminal damage, rather than from assaulting human persons of either sex.

What perplexes me is why the hackette, Chrissy Iley, named neither Pickering nor the dreadful Groucho Club when her contrived bit of "trendspotting" — about The New Drunks, whatever they are — appeared in the bogus style & travel section of the *Sunset Times*.

I CONTINUE to puzzle over the motives of Derek Coombs, the former Tory MP who wants to buy the *New Statesman*.

Has he suddenly had a Damascene conversion to socialism? Apparently not: his previous ambition was to own the *Spectator*, but Conrad Black beat him to it. His next wheeze was to set up a new mag, *The Radical*, as a centrist rival to the *Staggers* — but nothing came of it.

Coombs certainly seems touchingly innocent about both left-wing politics and journalism. At a meeting with some of the paper's trustees recently, he said that if he took over the *NS* he would like to bring in a dynamic new editor. His candidate for the job was... Roy Hattersley.

It was only after he was advised that this would guarantee the mag's instant demise that he agreed to go away and think again.

Pip Pip!

Pseuds Corner

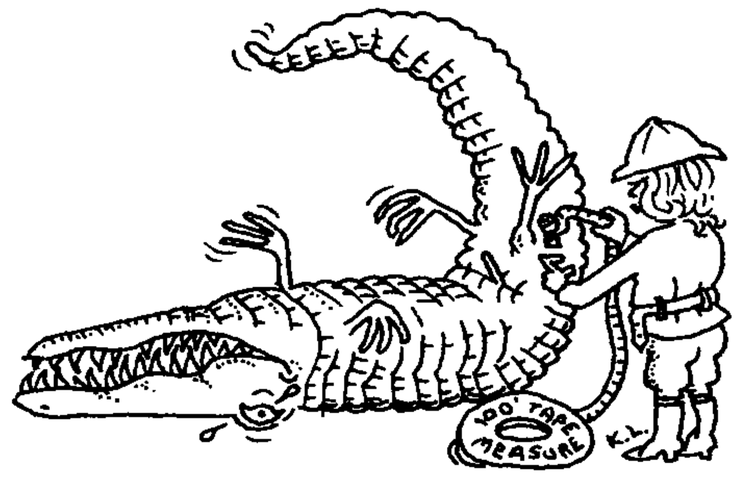
"I guess you would call this the ultimate fringe production," says Susan Sontag, flak jacket at her side, as the bangs outside get louder and more frequent.

Once described as the *belle dame sans merci* of the intellectual world, Sontag, the American writer and drama critic, is in Sarajevo to direct *Waiting For Godot*.

Observer

Following the birth of her last child, she [Leslie Kenton] fried up the placenta with garlic and onions, then ate it. "It was utterly delicious, like tasting the essence of my soul."

Guardian



[Lauren] Hutton likes to temper the glamorous life with the earthy and lists among her weaknesses a Native American reservation, African savannah, and an alligator's hard-on: "So beautiful, red and thin and tiny like a pencil..."

Sunday Times Magazine

It [Stanley Kubrick's *2001: A Space Odyssey*] was very beautiful, very philosophical. I didn't feel like I was in a cinema any more: it was like being in a temple if you will. It wasn't hitting my personality, it was speaking to my inner being. It was a feeling, not an intellectual thing. I felt I was seeing the real meaning of life played out in front of me. It was a cathartic, mind-expansive experience. It altered my consciousness — *and* I wasn't on drugs.

RON FRICKE
The Independent

For, at the risk, again, of sounding pretentious, I would compare the beauty of a literary style to the beauty of a face in the sexual act. As one proceeds, one's attention may be more and more urgently solicited elsewhere (towards the body or the plot), yet the appeal of that "elsewhere" remains contingent throughout on the beauty, facial or stylistic, that attracted one in the first place.

GILBERT ADAIR
Sunday Times

Lynne Franks, doyenne of the public relations world, believes that colour is important.

She explains that the purple of the paintwork and sofa in her office is the colour of spiritual receiving, and that the pale green of the walls provides energy. The frieze of white convolvulus, after Georgia O'Keefe, which runs from side to side of the office, was suggested by "dowsing" to balance energy levels.

Financial Times

Socially, Britain is much freer than other European countries. I don't think there is as much snobbery as people say there is. Friends who come here from France and Italy say I move in many more different circles than they do. You can have dinner with Lord Hanson one night and a drink in the pub with your mates the next, and no one bats an eye.

MARIELLA FROSTRUP
Observer

CONTRIBUTORS: Peter Jackson, Everyone, Everyone else, Daren Austin, A. Howarth, Sally Marden, Catherine Shorrocks.

£10 paid for entries

TV

Doc Martin's Casebook (BBC1)

Crime Limited (BBC1)

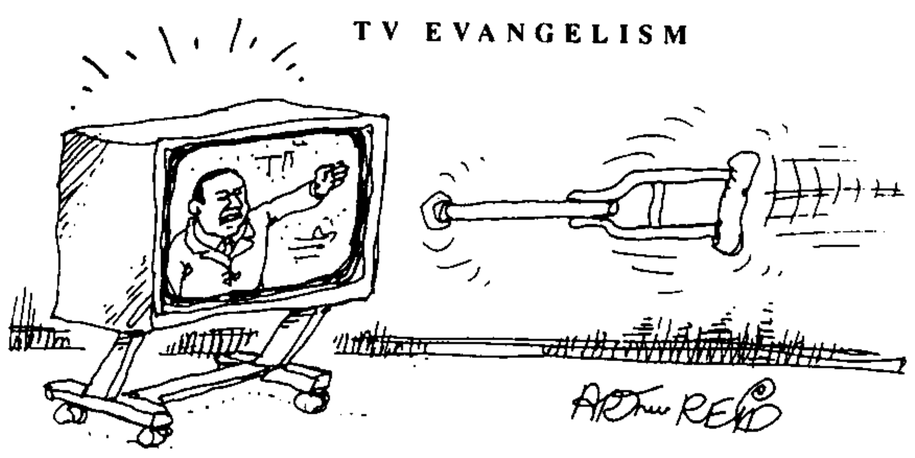
WHOEVER was responsible for the accident of the English language by which the word "august" designates both the third month of summer and something distinguished and impressive was clearly not a viewer of British television (*Er, no. The august emperor Augustus preferred the wireless. Sub-ed.*).

With all the big new or established shows on the beaches or in Tuscany, a skeleton staff of programmes mans the schedules. Most of the offerings are what BBC1 controller Alan Yentob, in a bravura piece of Newspeak, has termed "classic revivals", a phrase borrowed from the RSC. (The Royal Shakespeare Company will do *Titus Andronicus* every five years: the BBC will do *The Likely Lads* and *Dad's Army* every five minutes. It is all part of the same process of keeping the repertoire of past masterpieces alive.)

At the moment, though, there is rather less "new work" and "long-runners" alongside the "classic revivals" at the BBC than would be the case at the RSC. About the only non-repeat material to be found on BBC1 consists of those famous British television perennials — sickness and crime.

Doc Martin's Casebook is the BBC's emergency summer answer to the requirement that its schedules should contain at least one medical show to be taken just after meals. This one combines fly-on-the-abdominal-wall footage of operations with a kind of *Which?* (or *Stitch?*) guide to medical procedures. In each edition, a chummy local doctor, a kind of Hillary Jones on a ten times lower dose of testosterone, takes us through the experiences of one of his patients.

Last week, the star scar belonged to Stanley, a builder with a hernia. It is symptomatic of the show's nervous approach to serious medicine that the slipped tissue was anthropomorphised as "Ernie". Perhaps the patient always called his complaint that, but it was hard not to suspect that, if he had called his hernia a hernia, Stanley would not have made the, as it were, final cut for the series.



"Throw away your crutch...!"

Even so, the tone of the series is noticeably uneasy. The titles strongly hint that medicine is sexy (this is a 7.30pm series, after all). There are two shots of jeans being unzipped, with a posed slowness which suggest subsequent intimate examination of the kind unlikely to happen in a doctor's surgery without an appearance before the BMA disciplinary committee. The thin line between eroticism and medicine, however, is soon thickened by the character of Dr Martin himself. Stolid and dull, he bizarrely referred to the hernia on the voiceover as "the Cinderella of medical complaints". Was this triple irony or stupidity? For there is a well-known medical student joke: Q: "What's the difference between a hernia and Cinderella?" A: "A hernia nearly always goes to the balls."

Doc Martin's Casebook, though, stoically refers to the latter as "the groin", so it seems likely that he thought the Cinderella reference was an interesting metaphor. Equally anaesthetic, at least to Square Eyes, was the way in which, typically, the edition became an advertisement for: a) the benefits of private medicine and b) the benefits of a particular new surgical technique. Offered a two-year wait for an NHS operation or truss, Stanley instead paid £895 at a private joint with pot-plant reception areas and coffee in big chunky china cups.

The producers may claim that Stanley's decision shows how underfunded the NHS is but, in practice, such programmes are a free advert for BUPA. Not content merely with this piece of selling, the show also thumped the tub on behalf of the "mesh" method of hernia repair. A consultant complained that British doctors were much too concerned with long-term success rates. They should just look at the American evidence and get on with it. Don't be confused by its cosy title, *Doc Martin's Casebook* has a smart Bottomleyesque healthcare agenda at the bottom of its Gladstone bag.

Square Eyes has already delivered piss-offs *passim* to Nick Ross's crime series, including *Crime Limited*, the summer round-up spin-off from *Crimewatch UK*. One point, though, ought to be made about last week's edition. It might be commendable to include an item about wrongful conviction, but the extent of defensive phrasing around the segment — "Sometimes, to the shame and embarrassment of their colleagues, police officers create victims of their own, through over-zealousness" and "This kind of case could not happen now..." — do rather suggest that Ross's programmes are made for the police rather than the public, don't they?

'Square Eyes'

O·B·N

Kim Wilde, pop singer: "The dinosaurs were fantastic. It just made me want to kneel down and kiss Spielberg's feet."

DAILY MAIL
(at Jurassic Park premiere)

Vivien Duffield, CBE, two honorary doctorates, daughter of Sir Charles Clore, member of the Royal Ballet board, former director of The Royal Opera House Trust: "The sets were absolutely divine, unique to the London stage. Andrew is wonderful, don't you think so, darling? Oh, there's someone I know. Must fly!"

Jocelyn Stevens, English Heritage chairman: "Everyone is here aren't they? I thought the show was lovely, didn't you darling? (To his partner Vivien Duffield.) We all love Andrew."

DAILY MAIL
(at Sunset Boulevard opening)

Submitted by A.P. Mason (both items).

£10 paid for all entries put forward for the Order of the Brown Nose.

MEDIA NEWS

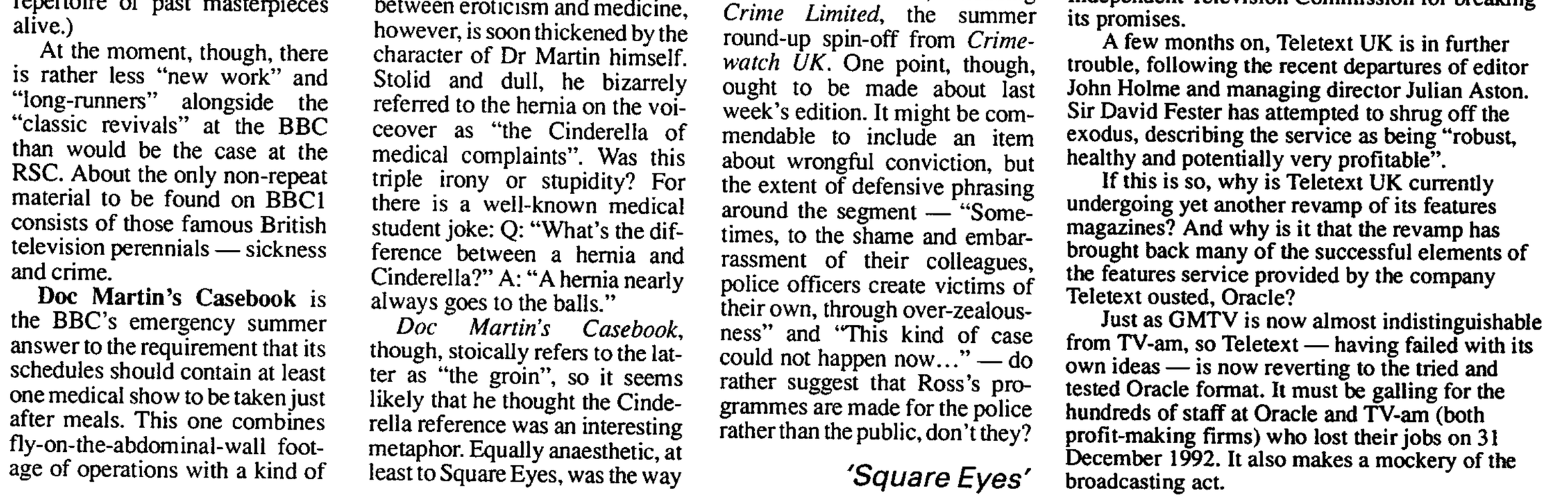
WHILE the Radio Authority ponders whether to hand LBC's radio frequency to Sir David English's Associated Newspapers, it might care to investigate what happened the last time Sir David was entrusted with a franchise.

As we reported in *Eye* 795, last year a consortium led by Associated Newspapers won the franchise to produce ITV's teletext service. Within weeks of going on air this year, the new company, Teletext UK, had been severely rebuked by the Independent Television Commission for breaking its promises.

A few months on, Teletext UK is in further trouble, following the recent departures of editor John Holme and managing director Julian Aston. Sir David Fester has attempted to shrug off the exodus, describing the service as being "robust, healthy and potentially very profitable".

If this is so, why is Teletext UK currently undergoing yet another revamp of its features magazines? And why is it that the revamp has brought back many of the successful elements of the features service provided by the company Teletext ousted, Oracle?

Just as GMTV is now almost indistinguishable from TV-am, so Teletext — having failed with its own ideas — is now reverting to the tried and tested Oracle format. It must be galling for the hundreds of staff at Oracle and TV-am (both profit-making firms) who lost their jobs on 31 December 1992. It also makes a mockery of the broadcasting act.


CORPORATION STREET W.12
An everyday Story of Broadcasting Folk
TELEVISION CENTRE
" PAXMAN, WE WANT INTERVIEWERS WHO CAN SHOW THE NECESSARY BEHAVIOUR TOWARDS POLITICIANS AND THEIR SUPERIORS "
BBC Code of Politeness
"LIKE WHO?"
THE ROVER'S RETURN
BAR
CRISPS
"BIRT! HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO HOST NEWSNIGHT?"
" Trebles & Uriah Heeps all round! "
Ken Pyne

NOTICE BOARDS

A new column celebrating theatre critics

GREASE (Dominion)

"This is escapist entertainment at its most endearing and exuberant."
Charles Spencer, Daily Telegraph

"... a leaden compilation of ersatz rock'n'roll..."
Michael Coveney, Observer

—o—

"Grease has a history of being let down by Australians... This time the Aussie liability is Craig McLachlan."
Paul Taylor, Independent

"[Craig McLachlan] is potentially one of the hottest properties to hit the West End in any era."
Jack Tinker, Daily Mail

OLEANNA (Royal Court)

"...the glaring inadequacy of Harold Pinter's direction..."
Nicholas de Jongh, Evening Standard

"Pinter's control is immaculate."
Malcolm Rutherford, Financial Times

Coming soon: Present Laughter

THE only flaw in John Birt's plan to bring an enterprise culture to the BBC is that, despite country house hotel reeducation sessions and endless policy statements, his handpicked executives are unable to show any sense of, er, actual enterprise.

The Snapper, Stephen Frears's follow-up to the hugely successful *The Commitments*, has been given a cinema release just three months after its debut on BBC2. Generally speaking you make more money from cinema admissions if things are done the other way round. And even a release later in the year would have been more likely to add to the BBC's coffers than an August slot, where it must compete with holidays, the weather and dinosaurs.

Earlier this year the BBC triumphed by repeating the Oscar-winning *Enchanted April* a fortnight before the event, depriving itself of revenue from a post-ceremony cinema release. *Truly, Madly, Thespily* met with a similar fate ahead of its BAFTA success.

Perhaps the problem is that the New Birtians don't want to watch BBC drama and assume everyone else feels the same way.

THE search for Lord Lucan is alive and well, it has recently emerged.

Before Thames TV went down the tubes last year, its *This Week* team went to the Philippines to make an irrelevant slab of tabloid TV on the late Lord Moynihan, the drug-pushing peer. A team spent two weeks there investigating the rival claims of two Filipino women who had both married the peer and believed they had given birth to his heir, the 4th Baron White Powder.

While working on this non-story, the *This Week* team was "tipped off" by the mother of one of the girls that Lord Lucan, who "disappeared" in 1974 after murdering his children's nanny, was "an associate of Moynihan" and had a flat at a secret location in the Philippines.

There were photographs and a video, and the word came quickly from London: "Stay out there and find him." So for another week a producer and researcher staked out Lucan's "secret Philippine hideaway". Sadly, the fugitive peer did not make an appearance.

When the hacks returned, Paul Woolwich, their talented but crazed editor, was even more desperate than usual for the Lucan expedition to be kept secret. "For fuck's sake we'll all be ruined if this gets out," he told colleagues as the story spread around the team. Oops...

SKY NEWS is upholding the standards of excellence for which the Murdoch stable is famous.

During John Major's darkest hour — the Maastricht votes in the Commons at the end of July — Sky thought it a good idea to report how the foreign media were assessing the British prime minister's *ennuis*.

It thus ran an item from France's TF1 channel, the French news reader finishing his broadcast with the pessimistic words: "*Mais le cauchemar de John Major est loin d'etre fini*" — "But John Major's nightmare is far from over."

Hitting levels of accuracy normally attained by Murdoch's paper of record, the *Sun*, Sky said the French thought "John Major's nightmare is now over."

THE TALE OF PIGLING BLAND

AUGUST 31 is L-Day at London Weekend Television — Lolly Day. It is the day when the chairman, Sir Christopher Bland, will lead 52 executives into the promised land.

Thanks to a management share scheme introduced by the board in 1989, Bland himself will become a multi-millionaire. On the *Eye*'s reckoning, denounced as "far too low" by many LWT employees, Bland will be able, 14 working days after the 31st, to make £5,844,250 clear profit on the £297,000 he "invested" in the scheme. His total swag from options and the like (especially after the "surprise" bid for LWT from Granada) could be as high as £9 million.

Few who knew Bland in his youth would have forecast such a rise to fame and fortune. He started his adult life as a soldier in his native Northern Ireland, and then spent 11 years as a part-timer in the Territorial Army, never rising above the rank of lieutenant.

He was elected to the GLC in the Tory landslide of 1967, but the highest office he achieved was chairman of the Inner London educational authority's schools committee. He was the weak third of a celebrated trio which dominated the reforming Bow Group in the early 1970s, of which the other two members went on to higher things: Leon Brittan (now Sir Leon, European commissioner); and Michael Howard, now home secretary.

Bland never seemed destined for such high office. Instead, he told friends he intended to devote his life to "making things" (he was then working for the management consultancy, Booz Allen). Gone, he would say, were the old days when Tories took part in nasty property speculations. Now, with the Heath U-turn of 1972, was the hour of manufacturing industry and exports.

Almost at once Bland did his own U-turn, teaming up with Pat Matthews in the First National Finance Corporation, whose chief business was property speculation. FNFC was one of the spectacular bankruptcies of the mid-1970 property crash. Like other such companies and fringe banks it was bailed out by the Bank of England "lifeboat" at a cost to the poor old taxpayer of £350 million. For a time FNFC held the record for a publicly-bailed-out company. For some reason, Bland does not include his association with FNFC in his *Who's Who* entry.

From 1972, however, Bland was deputy chairman of the IBA, the body which controlled commercial television and radio. He stayed at the IBA until 1980 and retained his interest in television, so that he became chairman of LWT in 1984.

Since then he has never looked back. He was the inspirer of the management's share scheme devised in 1989, whereby 53 top managers were invited to buy special shares. If the share price went over 278p, as it was bound to if the franchise to broadcast on ITV in London at weekends was won, these shares suddenly exploded in value. The effect now is that each share bought at 83.2p is worth just over four times the present price, 472p — an incredible £19.11.

In addition, a wide variety of share options which didn't even have to be paid for were made available. What is less well-known is that the board had legal advice that if it wanted this management share scheme it must end the employee share scheme. This it did, compensating employees with chicken feed compared to what employees would now be getting from the hugely-increased share price.

Employees in a progressive company like LWT are not allowed a trade union to negotiate for them. Instead they get "profit-related pay", from 8 per cent of the profits. For good measure — as though specially to ensure that the employees' noses are rubbed in the riches of their masters — the year of the Bland Bonanza coincides with a board decision to cut profit-related pay from 8 percent of profits to 7 percent.

Bland's special genius has been to win his colleagues to this shameless profiteering. He is delighted to have ensnared the trio of socialists at the top of LWT: former Labour councillor Greg Dyke; former tormentor of Scotland Yard, Barry Cox; and Melvyn Bragg, who seldom passes up an opportunity to tell the world of his working class origins and socialist commitment. All three will become multi-millionaires as a result of the share scheme.

Barg and Cox are maintaining a low profile, but Dyke, whose profile is always high, boasts high and low of his new enrichment. He stresses that £3 million was paid out by the executives for the shares, and that money was at risk if LWT did not win the franchise. "If we had lost our franchise a great deal of the £3 million would have been lost" he told LWT's staff magazine.

This is described in the City as "poppycock". If LWT had lost its franchise it would have stayed a company with its programmes such as *Blind Date* still selling widely. The likelihood was that not a penny would have been lost by the millionaires. Heads, they stayed the same overpaid executives; tails, they were multi-millionaires. Tails, always the more likely call anyway, came up.

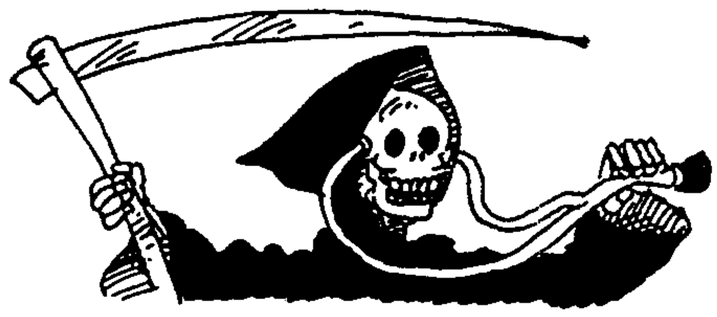
Staff at LWT are not happy. They point to cost-cutting and their own PRP cut at a time of such largesse to the big boys. More than 550 of them (90 per cent) have signed a protest petition. Meanwhile the programme standards at LWT are sinking fast. "It's a case," snapped one LWT staffer, "of the Bland leading the bland".

HOW THEY ARE RELATED

IN THE *Grauniad* on 6 August, Joanna Coles commented at length on vigilantes and the appeal of having private security firms to patrol our crime-ridden streets.

The article drew heavily on that week's *Panorama*, which was about vigilantes and the shortcomings of the police. Quite coincidentally, the *Panorama* in question had been produced by Peter Goldwin, ex-Rhodesian SAS member and current live-in boyfriend of one Joanna Coles.

"U2, Brutus?"



DOING THE ROUNDS

WEST Midlands regional health authority has abandoned its £500 million "Building a Healthier Birmingham" plan because of an unhealthy lack of money.

The much heralded new super hospital on the **Queen Elizabeth** site will no longer be built, although the plan did survive long enough to close down the **general hospital** whose services were due to be transferred there. **Solihull hospital** has had to take on more patients, and is already limiting its non-urgent admissions due to lack of funds. The **accident hospital** and **Sorrento maternity hospital** have also been closed, leaving Birmingham **maternity hospital** to serve the whole of south Birmingham. The pressure for rooms is such that many women spend most of their labour in the corridors.

The **Birmingham children's hospital**, also due to be moved, now faces an uncertain future. The only new wards on the current site have been provided by charity and there is no proper provision for parents to stay overnight. A hundred a night sleep in chairs or on portable beds between cots or in the corridor — but at least all the services their children need are under one roof. If the hospital were to close, services would be dissipated across the West Midlands, with a catastrophic effect on care. A similar fate is likely to affect the **eye hospital** and radiotherapy and oncology services.

● SIR Robin Buchanan, chairman of **Wessex regional health authority**, was widely criticised earlier this year for failing to stop the purchase of an unworkable £63 million computer system (*Eyes passim*). Despite this, Virginia Bottomley rewarded him with the additional chairmanship of the newly-formed NHS supplies authority (NHSSA), which provides equipment for NHS hospitals throughout the country.

Latest reports suggest it is wasting more than £100 million a year through inefficient management and muddled contracts. Costs charged to hospitals vary without apparent rationale, and end-of-year accounts have yet to be produced. None of this is Sir Robin's fault.

● ALTHOUGH the **Greenwich district NHS trust** is a mere £6 million in debt, managers have acted swiftly to rebut MD's suggestion that the equipment budget has been frozen (*Eye* 821). Without consulting the doctors, the finance department forked out £400,000 on an MRI scanner. Unfortunately the scanner is an incomplete secondhand import and runs on a foreign voltage. Nor is there anywhere to put or anyone to run it. And even if it did work, the main users would be the neuroscience unit — which is soon to be transferred to **Guy's hospital trust.**

The reason for the transfer remains unclear, since eight years of detailed planning and appraisal suggested the **Maudsley/King's** site at **Denmark Hill** would be the best place to house a neurosciences unit serving **Kent** and **south-east London**. Perhaps the trust flagship needs propping up. Back at Greenwich, the hapless trust's £6 million HISS information system is causing problems and costs an extra £80,000 a year to run.

● IN **BARKING, Essex**, the opening of the new **Goodmayes hospital**, part of **Redbridge healthcare trust**, was a chaotic affair. Patients complained that the move from the old site wasn't coordinated, most GPs weren't told where to send emergency admissions or blood tests, and the few who were told overloaded the switchboard and couldn't get through to the doctors on call.

Managers, meanwhile, were busy drawing up new good housekeeping rules. These include a strict "drawing pins only on designated noticeboards" policy, and the employment of an "income section manager" to remove notices from public noticeboards. The important circular ends: "To maintain standards and uphold the trust's corporate image, laminated signs can be obtained from the Contracts Facilitators' office (see circular 'Laminated Signs' dated 7 May 1993)".

● AN 84-YEAR-OLD woman was sent to **Southend hospital** with an urgent request from her GP for an X-ray of her probably fractured finger. An hour later, the GP was phoned to say that the X-ray could not be done as he had omitted to sign the form. A verbal request was not permitted, and the GP was asked to fax through another form. Another hour later, the patient's neighbour turned up in the GP's surgery with yet another request form for him to sign as the fax had been mislaid. After a three-hour wait, the 84-year-old finally got her X-ray.

THE NUMBER of health service managers increased by more than 1 800% between 1987 and 1991 (from 700 to 1 2640), a parliamentary answer has revealed. The number of nurses and midwives dropped by 1.4% over the same period.

Nursing Times

"... and this is my invisible friend Virginia Bottomley!"

● AT **REDDITCH'S Alexandra hospital**, a 69-year-old woman awaiting knee replacement was peeved to find she had slipped from 41 to 51 on the waiting list. Her husband wrote to her orthopaedic surgeon, Mr L. Read, and was told: "Because of the lack of money last year and a similar lack of money this year, I have been unable to do very much operating and most of my time and most of the money is taken up by dealing with emergencies through the accident department. Your wife was placed on my list on 10/11/92 — the patient who has waited the longest for a knee replacement was placed on the list on 8/2/90." This 41-month wait exceeds Mr Major's 24-month maximum charter pledge just somewhat.

● THE BOARD of the **Leeds training hospital trust** is working hard to justify the £459,000 a year it pays itself (*Eye* 823). Since the trust's formation, it has upped its charges to **West Yorkshire health authority** for essential services, such as neonatal intensive care, by 50 percent. No complaints have come from the WYHA board, despite its now parlous financial state. WYHA was only recently formed by the controversial merger of **Calderdale, Dewsbury** and **Huddersfield** health authorities after a 24-43 vote, and its board members owe their jobs to the crucial support of Leeds THT.

M.D.

SALLY DEEDES

THE Royal Mail's special delivery service is becoming even more discredited, despite an exciting new multi-coloured bar code sticker to replace the boring, two-colour bar code sticker.

For an additional fee, special delivery guarantees that letters arrive at their destination the next morning, unless they don't — and often they don't — when twice the fee is refunded. But this is where the fun starts.

The fee used to be £1.95 on top of 24p first class postage, and refunds were made automatically if the delivery target wasn't met. Now the fee is £2.70 and the post office makes you work hard for the refund.

Confirmation of delivery is obtained by telephoning (at your expense) an inquiry line and quoting the bar code number on the letter. The operator checks if delivery has been made. If it hasn't, the new improved system requires the sender to submit a refund request in writing, together with proof of posting, within 14 days.

Of course this last requirement has not been introduced simply to deter customers from claiming their money back — and the 40 percent increase in charges is "simply to enhance the service".

WHY is London Underground determined to go ahead with its vindictive closure of Aldwych tube station?

For a start, it claims it cannot afford the £3 million needed to operate both Aldwych lifts. Of course if just one lift were kept in use, costs could be cut in half to a more manageable £1.5 million.

London Underground argues that with both lifts simultaneously out-of-use the emergency staircase, with its 131 steps, is too deep to be used except in emergencies (not that this logic is being applied at busy Archway station on the Northern line, which has almost as many steps and will be stairs-only for four months this autumn).

London Underground also argues that ticket sales at the station are too low. This is hardly surprising as Aldwych lies at the end of a short branch off the main Piccadilly line, and is only open in the rush-hour. Even then it closes as early as half-past six.

If Aldwych were open all day, with regular services, it might even pay its way, but that would be too sensible for London Underground's accountants to grasp.

ENERGY NEWS

PROFESSOR Stephen Littlechild, the electricity regulator, has renewed his threat to report National Power and PowerGen, the two generating giants, to the Monopolies Commission for "raising prices at will".

There has been a rash of increases in the last four months. The two achieve them by declaring that power stations which could be running are not available. As price is decided on the basis of available supply and demand, they make a huge profit by saying there is not a lot of electricity up for sale.

Of course 40 percent of the excessive profits go to the treasury, which owns that percentage of shares. The treasury is itching to sell them (for between £2.8 and £3 billion), but cannot while there is a threat of a monopolies referral and the possibility of an order to break the duopoly into a dozen or so genuine competitors.

Littlechild has brought forward his decision to later this year, which sounds like a threat but could be an attempt to help the treasury by getting the unpleasantness over sooner. Meanwhile the Great British Press (GBP) is again echoing the *Eye*'s analysis.

"The shares were due to be sold next spring. Any referral would delay that and might damage the value of the holdings," says Lex in the *Financial Times*. "Pressure from the treasury to avoid a referral would thus be intense, as the generators are doubtless aware."

"A reference would scupper ministers' hopes of raising £3 billion by selling the state's remaining 40 percent stake," says the *Times*. "An early probe could throw government plans to sell the remaining 40 percent stake into disarray," says the *Daily Telegraph*. "Analysts said that with the government's sale of its remaining 40 percent stake expected by next summer, reference was unlikely," says the *Independent*. "No sell-off could take place under the threat of a referral, industry sources said," reports the *Evening Standard*. And as *we* said, more than two months ago.

POLICE 5

POLICE appeals for the public to give information on criminals look a bit sick in the light of recent goings-on in Leeds.

Tape recordings of official police interviews with such "grasses" have been circulating on a housing estate — and some of those named are none too happy with what they have heard people say about them.

Up to 200 interview tapes were stolen from the recently closed Gipton police station, including interviews relating to cases still to come to court, and with people helping police with their inquiries.

One man was offered a stolen tape of his own interview for an alleged traffic offence five years ago. He commented: "Those who were grassed up in the tapes are seeking revenge." Luckily for the criminals, but sadly for the public spirited informants, every tape begins by stating the interviewee's name and address.

The tapes, along with the rest of the station's contents, were being guarded by a private security firm after the police moved into a new £5 million HQ.

WHAT has happened to Sgt Alan Maguire, the forgotten man in the Alison Halford affair, whose plight the *Eye* was the first to report?

Senior police officers on Murkeyside tried to pressurise him into pleading guilty to disciplinary charges following the notorious swimming pool incident, the better to strengthen their case against Halford. He was warned that if he pleaded "not guilty" he was certain of the sack, but if he "owned up" he would merely be reprimanded (*Eye* 799).

Indeed, so confident was one chief superintendent that Maguire would get a rap over the knuckles, he promised the luckless copper "to show my arse in Church Street" if things went otherwise. In the event, Maguire was demoted to constable and sightings of a "mooning" chief super have not yet been reported.

A copper of nearly 30 years' standing, Maguire was particularly miffed when George Crichton, chairman of the Murkeyside Police Federation, seemed to go along with the top-of-the-range knackers and advised Maguire not to seek legal representation either! Instead, Maguire refused to accept this and instigated legal proceedings against Crichton for his "advice".

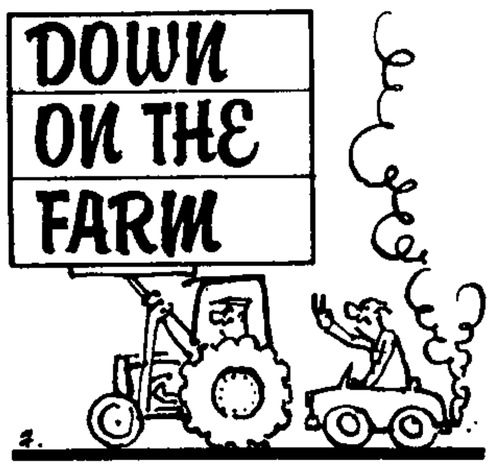
The admirable Crichton strongly denies he was part of a "conspiracy" against Maguire and Halford. On 21 July he accepted £10,000 from the *Mail on Sunday* in an out-of-court settlement for them daring to make such a dreadful suggestion.

MEANWHILE Maguire's lawyer in his action against Crichton, the formidable Rex Makin, *bête noire* of the uniformed hierarchy and politicians who run Merseyside police authority (MPA), was most concerned to read an advertisement in *Eye* 817 requesting "interesting, authentic information" about himself.

It is not the *Eye*'s policy to disclose the identity of anonymous advertisers, even if we knew who they are. But there is nothing to stop curious readers from responding to the advertisements and subsequently disclosing their origin.

Those responding to the "Makin" advert were thus amazed to get a reply on *Merseyside Police Federation headed notepaper*, signed by none other than its chairman, George Crichton. "I placed the advertisement in *Private Eye*, regarding the above named" [ie Makin], Crichton confesses. He goes on to say that he is "seeking information which may be of assistance during my current litigation in order to discredit Makin".

Crichton says he will be complaining to the Law Society ombudsman about Makin's "intemperate manner" in handling the Maguire case. In the light of this action, however, a question mark is surely placed over Crichton's own ethics and judgement.



with 'New Muckspreader'

ALTHOUGH the number of cattle affected by mad cow disease (BSE) since 1986 has reached 100,000, there is little evidence of it being transmitted to humans.

This may have less to do with MAFF precautions, introduced in 1989, however, than with the possibility that the cause is entirely different to that offered by the government's egregious chief veterinary officer Keith Meldrum (*Eyes passim*).

Rather than accept his increasingly discredited theory that the disease was spread by feeding cattle with under-processed sheep brains affected with scrapie, some observers note a strong correlation between the incidence of BSE and two other factors: the switch from Lindane in sheep dips, in 1984, to organo-phosphorous agents; and the introduction of the compulsory warble fly treatment of cattle in 1985, which also required the use of organo-phosphorus pesticides, particularly on cows.

Noting that the symptoms of mad cow disease are very similar to those of chronic OP poisoning, one farmer recently decided to establish whether there was a link. To do this, he treated a mad cow with the same cocktail of drugs carried during the Gulf war by soldiers fearing OP nerve gas attacks.

Within 90 minutes, a considerable improvement was noted in the cow and, after the third treatment, improvement had been sustained. For some reason yet to be determined, supplies of the antidote dried up and the condition of the cow deteriorated until it had to be sent for slaughter. It was then confirmed that it had suffered from BSE.

Curiously, Mr Meldrum does not appear to have followed up this work, as indeed he has failed to encourage studies of farmers suffering OP poisoning after the introduction of his compulsory sheep-dip programme. Does the ministry of agriculture have something to hide?

THE ministry has been unable to hide its appalling behaviour in negotiations of EEC directive 91/497, now implemented as the fresh meat (hygiene and inspection) regulations 1992, which are causing such havoc in the meat trade.

The "efficiency scrutiny unit" of the department of trade and industry, a committee of civil servants commissioned to review the implementation of EEC law in the UK, has found that, although the directive was ostensibly about improving meat hygiene, the negotiations "were not wholly, or even mainly, motivated by hygiene concerns". It appears the central concern of UK officials was to protect the British meat export trade, worth £620 million in 1992, from a possible loss of (foreign) consumer confidence after the BSE debacle.

This, UK negotiators thought, might be best achieved by imposing a common European standard on the meat industry — it didn't matter which standard, so they resuscitated an ageing export code which, although based on research dating back to the 1940s and 1950s, offered the best prospect of reaching a speedy agreement with the rest of our European competitors.

So, despite our former, much-loved minister of agriculture, John Gummer, having protested that the standard was necessary to improve the hygiene of British meat, and fatty Soames's continued claims to that effect, we now know different.

Farmers who have already suffered the insanity of cattle passports — where all beef cattle have to be issued "passports" and be fitted with ear tags bearing a 19-figure identification number — are now steeling themselves for a new requirement, under EEC Directive 92/102, on the "identification and registration of animals". This requires not just bullocks but all cattle to have numbered ear tags. By the end of 1993, it is proposed that every one of Britain's 11,788,000 cattle will have to carry its own number — different from the ones already issued to the beef cattle — and this time not just in one ear but both, in case one of the tags is lost or damaged.

Old Macdonald

ALBERT

YOU FARMERS ARE ALWAYS BLOODY COMPLAININ'!
THE PRICE OF BEEF'S BAD! THE RAIN'S BAD! THE SUN'S BAD!
I'VE NEVER HEARD ONE OF YOU WHINGIN' BUGGERS ONCE SAY THAT SOMETHING'S GOOD!
CROWN COURTS.
FIFTY QUID FINE FOR GRIEVOUS BODILY HARM'S GOOD!

NOOKS and CORNERS

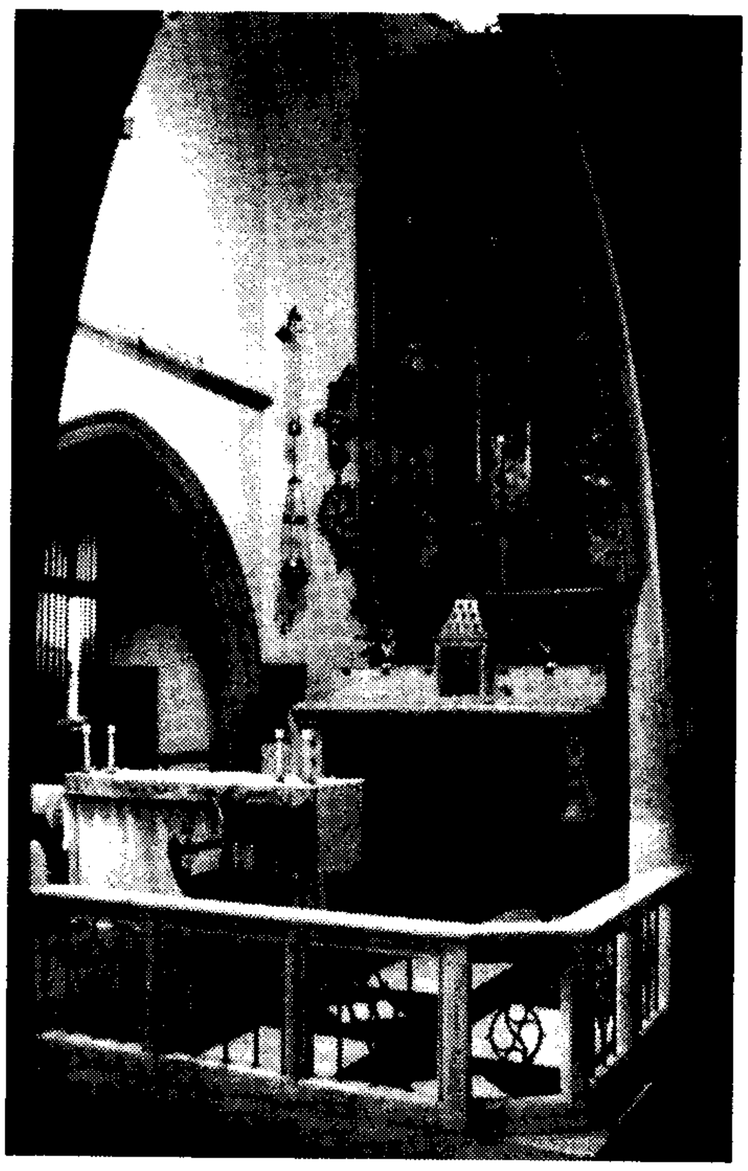
OWING to circumstances beyond my control, the picture illustrating *Eye* 824 depicted the Lady Chapel in the Roman Catholic church of St Joseph in Sheringham, and not the high altar, as intended. I now reproduce the correct photograph so that my readers may appreciate the subtlety and beauty of the architecture and furniture designed by Giles Gilbert Scott and the exquisite character of the reredos designed by Scott and painted by George Ratcliffe.

I now learn that the architect who cheerfully proposes to tamper with and hack about Scott's work is Mr Anthony Rossi, of Norwich. As I claimed in my earlier article, St Joseph's is an early and a magnificent work by the finest British church designer of this century. It was first designed in 1909 and then carefully extended in 1934 by Scott, who designed almost every piece of furniture so making this church a complete and integrated work of art.

But this does not deter Mr Rossi. Oh no. In his view, "the material and general design of the altar and communion rails do not blend particularly well with the simple and very attractive warm... stone, slate, wood and plaster, or with both the painted and the natural oak carved woodwork" (I quote from his report on the proposed reordering, dated March 1993) and he casts doubt on their authorship.

Naturally we cannot expect him to travel from Norwich to London to inspect Scott's original drawings at the RIBA before cutting up these objects. Mr Rossi proposed to move the high altar forward to make it free-standing and so to replace the temporary wooden altar — no objection to that in principle — but also to shorten it. Apart from the intrinsic vandalism of this, chopping up the white marble which has a carved ornamented edge, it will make it too small to contain Scott's relic chest placed underneath.

Mr Rossi also dislikes the black marble base to the reredos. Some of this will be thrown away, along with the white marble gradine, or upper shelf, as he proposes to lower the whole reredos. He wants to do this so that the existing monstrance throne can be adapted as a tabernacle for the Blessed Sacrament, yet there is an existing tabernacle designed by Scott. This Mr Rossi proposes to throw out. He justifies all this by claiming that there is "a somewhat confused visual conflict between the rose window, the reredos



which impinges upon it, the rood which partly obscures both and the black marble base below the reredos..." and that lowering the reredos will remove this "conflict".

In other words, Sir Giles Scott did not know what he was doing. I wonder if Mr Rossi has ever seen Scott's supreme masterpiece, Liverpool Cathedral, where the reredos also sticks up into the east window. Similar "conflicts" are to be found in many beautiful churches, adding to their visual interest and subtlety, but I don't suppose we can expect Mr Rossi, with his simplistic and crudely functional notion of liturgical planning, to understand that.

Long-suffering readers may think I am banging on about trivial details, but if a church of the transcendent quality of St Joseph's, Sheringham, can be mucked about with impunity then nothing is safe. I do not deny that churches must be altered to accommodate changing liturgical needs, but any changes must be carried out with tact and respect.

There are really two matters of concern in this case. One is whether the judgement of Mr Anthony Rossi, Dip Arch, Dip Con Studies (York), RIBA, is superior to that of Sir Giles Gilbert Scott, OM, RA, PPRIBA, etc. The other is why this work is being pushed ahead now, having been approved only by select members of the parish and the diocesan liturgical commission. For the scheme was not shown to the diocesan art and architecture committee, let alone to the likes of English Heritage, the Victorian Society and other outside secular busybodies.

Could it be that Mgr McBride, the parish priest, was trying to anticipate the tighter controls on alterations to Roman Catholic churches agreed at the recent Low Week Bishops' Conference (and not before time)? I hope that Bishop Clark will remove any grounds for such an uncharitable suspicion by putting this gratuitously destructive "reordering" scheme on hold and making sure that one of the finest churches in the diocese of East Anglia is treated with the respect it deserves.

WE ARE told that our responsible, caring government simply cannot afford the £10 million or so needed to repair the Albert Memorial, that magnificent monument to real Victorian values.

Of course billions can be found to widen the M25 indefinitely and build other gratuitous new roads, as our railophobic politicians have long been in thrall to the road lobby. However, I am interested to learn that an equivalent sum to that needed in Hyde Park has just been spent by government on another historic building — one whose facade used to be in the public realm but is now carefully shielded from the gaze of citizens and taxpayers. I refer to the repair and reglazing with bomb-proof windows of No 10 Downing Street. All a matter of priorities, of course.

'Piloti'

Bankers

FORMER Manchester businessman Barrie Chapman (*Eyes passim*) has won the latest round in his fight with accountants Ernst & Young, who he claims mishandled the affairs of the companies he ran.

Mr Chapman, former md of the John S. Bass group of packaging companies, had a personal bankruptcy order against him annulled earlier this year by a court in Porthmadog. When he said in June that he would be taking legal action against his former company's joint liquidators Ernst & Young, the latter said it would appeal against the annulment and issue a *second* bankruptcy petition. With Mr Chapman bankrupt again, he could not have pursued court action against Ernst & Young.

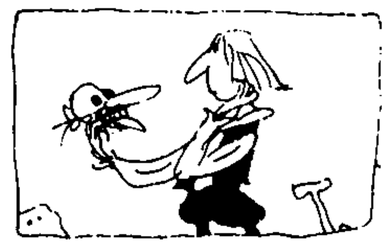
Ernst & Young initially pledged to "vigorously defend" any such legal action, however, but along with Grant Thornton, joint liquidators of the Bass subsidiary Southern and Darwent, has now withdrawn from the bankruptcy petition which was due to be heard this week. Ernst & Young's Manchester based solicitors, Addleshaw, said the firm had withdrawn due to "recent developments in case law".

Ernst & Young has also agreed to pay costs, which according to Mr Chapman's solicitor, David Harris, of Neil Myerson, will amount to many thousands. "We have written to Addleshaws," Mr Harris told me, "to ask, purely out of academic interest, just which case law they are referring to, as we can find no such developments. As yet we have had no response. Meanwhile we are investigating further steps to be taken on Mr Chapman's behalf."

In a recent development, the department of professional conduct at the Institute of Chartered Accountants, to which Mr Chapman had complained over the alleged conflict of interest of Ernst & Young partner John Warren being both a liquidator and administrator, has announced a "serious and most unfortunate development" affecting its ability to deal with the complaint. Mr Warren has recently retired for health reasons and, said a spokesman, "I did not see how we can deal any further with any complaint against Mr Warren".

"Frankly it's not the kind of whiplash I had imagined"

LUVVIES



Paul has developed a Zen-like approach to acting. "I just let it happen", he says. "He is eccentric, irrationally brilliant, painfully impulsive... quite dotty actually", says Stephen, the impish-looking McGann, who is in turn described by Paul as "surreally intelligent".

PAUL & STEPHEN McGANN
on each other
Sunday Times Magazine

"I have a bust of Hypnos, the Greek God of sleep, next to the bed. The bed is at one end of the room, and there's a bath at the other, which is unusual, but very relaxing. It's a lovely light room, a complete retreat when I come home after the play."

DENIS LAWSON
The Independent

Submitted by P. Wright, Carol Richards.

An occasional column featuring gems from the acting profession. £10 paid for entries.

Letters

Caring short fall

Sir,

Doing the Rounds (825) links the closure of secure psychiatric hospitals to the death of a female psychiatric patient at Croydon's Mayday University Hospital. Not only does Croydon Health Authority still have a secure ward at Warlingham Park Hospital for patients who are judged to need care in this setting, but this patient was indeed not considered to be a high suicide risk. She had been seen by a member of the medical staff shortly before she left the ground floor ward, and her decision to go to a top floor ward was both unexpected and seen by staff on that ward who tried to prevent her subsequent fall.

We all need to do more to improve the care of the mentally ill both in hospital and in the community, but this cause is not assisted by highlighting tragic accidents rather than real shortcomings in current provision.

Yours sincerely,
SHIRLEY HARDY,
Chief Executive, Croydon Health Authority.

Double dealer

Sir,

In your comments on "In the City" last edition, you described "the schizophrenic BBC" as preparing two programmes on the fugitive, Asil Nadir. May I take this opportunity of pointing out that schizophrenic does NOT *mean a Jekyll-and-Hyde, split personality or being in two minds. What it does mean is a distressing fragmentation of thought process leading eventually to loss of touch with reality. On second thoughts, maybe your description of the BBC was not so wrong after all?*

Yours sincerely,
MARJORIE WALLACE,
Chief Executive, SANE, London NW1.

Occupied terraces

Sir,

Your item in Rotten Boroughs (824) about Lambeth is wrong.

Our investigators have not found that only half the 5,700 council homes surveyed are occupied by their rightful tenants.

We have surveyed over 23,000 properties as a result of which just under 2,000 required further investigation.

Of these 800 tenancies have been verified as genuine and 450 have either been repossessed or will be at the conclusion of legal action. 650 are still being investigated.

It is precisely because we are looking hard for unauthorised occupants that we are finding them thus releasing properties for people who are entitled to them.

Yours sincerely,
PETER CAMP,
Director Housing, London Borough of Lambeth.

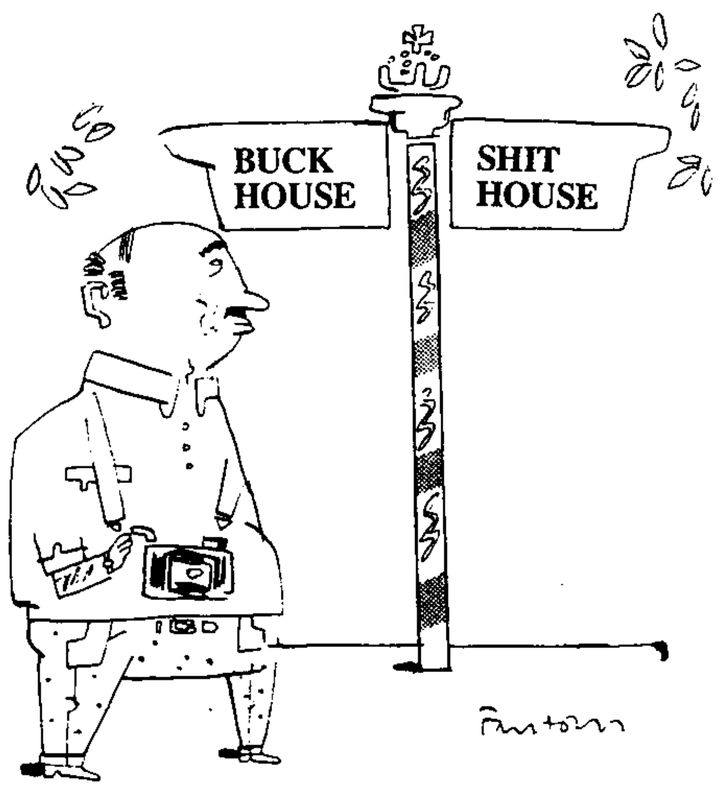
Sick transit

Sir,

What utter drivel your correspondent F. Knox spouts regarding charges for car parking at hospitals (825).

Many people attending hospitals either to be admitted for routine operations, or as outpatients or visitors do not live on a convenient public transport route. It may be desirable that "patients who cannot use public transport should have the use of an ambulance", but the reality is that cuts in the ambulance service mean that all but the most desperate cases are obliged to make their own way to hospital.

The last thing on a sick person's mind when s/he drives into the hospital car park is whether they have brought sufficient change for the "pay and display" machine, let alone how much carbon monoxide their vehicle is emitting.



Yours faithfully,
JACKIE STACEY,
London SE13.

Arty facts

Sir,

Your issue of 2 July mentions the new Tate annexe in St Ives in less than informed terms, though from the content of the article it is obvious that the "hackette" concerned probably went out of London north in the direction of Cambridge and consequently was obliged to make use of her journalistic abilities and create from thin air what purports to be a factual opinion. St Ives (in Cornwall) is only too far away if you're fool enough to live somewhere inhabited by lunatics, pimps, cut-throats and other members of HMG during the week.

The new gallery (as your creative reporter would have discovered had she bothered) is actually almost as spectacular as the scenery it was designed to complement. The art inside, though admittedly not always to everyone's taste, is equally good. The object of the exercise was to provide an environment for the work that has been produced by the likes of Wallis, Nicholson, Wynter et al. For people who live in Cornwall (and those who can manage to travel there) this is finally a vindication by the Tate of the contribution that the Cornish schools have made. It does not require a degree in art or a subscription to the INDEPENDENT *to be able to enjoy the work on display, such snotty attitudes are what alienate hoi polloi from being able to indulge in a little self education.*

Yours sincerely,
JON QUIXLEY,
Off the coast of Angola.

Padded sell

Sir,

There were major flaws in Backbiter's article (825) which, among other things, mentioned the appointment of Brown and Root as prime contractor to the Docklands Light Railway.

Allegations about shoddy workmanship on rail noise reduction pads were first reported by the SUNDAY TIMES *on 20 June. The newspaper has since published further articles making it clear that the allegations have been proved untrue and, further, that the Railway Inspectorate had never threatened to close down the DLR.*

Your attempt to involve Brown and Root in this fiasco was equally misleading. The company was appointed by DLR in March 1993 — six months after the rail pad work had been completed satisfactorily.

And I thought everything I read in the EYE *was true!*

Yours faithfully,
BRIAN ABBOTT,
Head of Public Affairs, Docklands Light Railway.

A few false notes

Sir,

Firstly, regarding the comments made by Nick Kempt (whoever he may be) in his letter entitled "Ne Win Situation", I am afraid he is wrong on two counts. There are no 35 kyat notes in Burma and Ne Win DID *introduce the 45 and 90 kyat notes because the both added up to and were divisible by his lucky number, nine.*

Secondly, I am afraid somebody has been having you on regarding the first letter, "General Knowledge". There is no General Tun Kyi at the Burmese embassy — Tun Kyi is a member of SLORC and former chief of Mandalay. Indeed, I doubt the Burmese embassy even has a public relations department. The letter is clearly a forgery — the wording is identical to that given in a speech by members of the SLORC at SOAS last month.

Yours sincerely,
NICHOLAS GREENWOOD,
Right Now Books, London SW11.

Campbell's scoop

Sir,

In your issue of 16 July, you referred to the appeal court hearing in which the judges were said to have condemned the "intolerable" conduct of NEW STATESMAN *journalist and chairman Duncan Campbell in "harassing" a so-called businessman, Derek Donaldson.*

You might also have mentioned that Donaldson is the man who, in July 1992, burgled Lothian and Borders police headquarters and subsequently admitted assaulting and robbing Campbell while he was preparing a TV programme on the Fettesgate affair.

Donaldson was sentenced to 18 months' imprisonment for this — which can be added to his previous convictions for fraud, housebreaking, criminal damage, and sexual offences against young men and women. His claims about being "harassed" by Campbell were a fiction made up in an unsuccessful attempt to get his sentence reduced.

At a time when proposed restrictions on the activities of the press constitute a new threat to investigative journalism, I would have hoped for better from the EYE *than an item that gives succour to a violent crook at the expense of a journalist whose investigations helped to expose him.*

Best wishes,

Yours sincerely,
STEVE PLATT,
Editor, New Statesman & Society, London E2.

Lookalike

Rees-Mogg **Rees-Mogg**

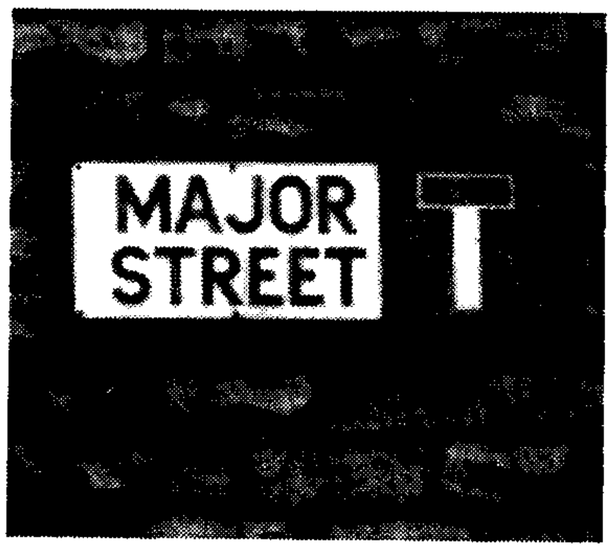
Sir,

I wonder if any of your readers have noticed, as I have, the remarkable resemblance between Lord Rees-Mogg and his son Jacob. Could they by any chance be related?

Yours,
ENA B. STROBES,

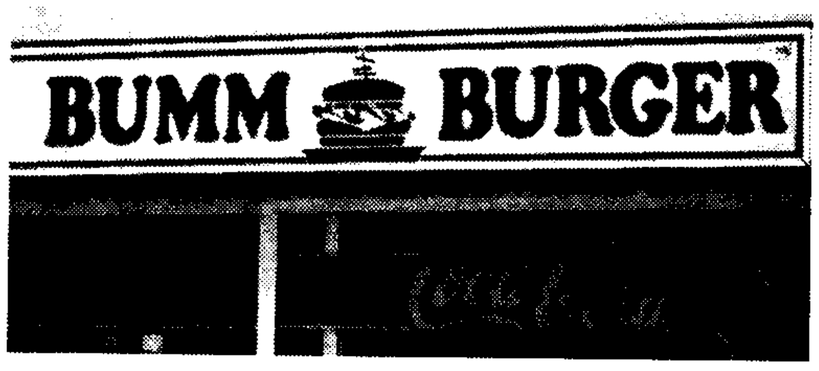
London W1.

I-SPY



Todmorden, Lancs

Palma



Ibiza

Submitted by Jeremy Silverstone, Paul Bulley, Adele Gold. £10 paid for similar submissions. *(SAE required for return of photographs. No transparencies.)*

Flak

Sir,

Your piece (EYE, *4 June) about* TIMES *correspondents in Bosnia being "angry" and in one case "going on strike" over lack of protection was untrue, unfair and damaging to Peter Roberts, the* TIMES *managing editor, as well as to our foreign operation.*

Flak jackets and helmets tend to go AWOL in Bosnia. There have been occasions when we have been reduced to one set of protective gear while a second replacement set was on order. But we have always hired or borrowed flak jackets or helmets in such circumstances, and it is absurd and insulting to suggest our reporters have ever gone into dangerous areas without protection. I would not knowingly allow that. Neither would Peter Roberts. Peter has never refused a replacement helmet or flak jacket when there has been a shortage, and to suggest he thought one flak jacket was adequate for two people is nonsense.

As regards an armoured vehicle, it is common for correspondents from all the broadsheets (with the exception of the DAILY TELEGRAPH, *which has its own vehicle with an armoured cab) to muck in together and get lifts in armoured vehicles of colleagues or TV network crews. Our correspondents (who do not, by the way, "go on strike", whatever that means) have trusted to the advice of the UN forces or gone in convoy with other journalists in the normal way.*

Yours sincerely,
RICHARD OWEN,
Foreign Editor, The Times, London E1.

● *The Eye accepts what Richard Owen says about Times journalists in Bosnia and apologises to Peter Roberts for the inaccuracies in the item of 4 June.*

Gnome alone

Sir,

Re Notes & Queries (825). With regard to the subject column's proposed questions for next week, the answer to "What's Donald Trelford up to nowadays?" is in the back of your very own current issue under "Eye Love".

Regards,
JAMES POLLARD,
London SW6.

● *Surely shome mishtake? Ed.*

ENIGMATIC PIXIE
seeks tall slim attractive
sensuous lady
twenty to thirty-five
with imagination and SoH.
Requires lessons in
sensuality in return
good food, bad poetry, SoH
and maybe much more.
Recent photo please, tel. no.
Discretion assured.
Box 9425.

Colemanballs

£10 paid for contributions

"Shelley's grave is in Christchurch, so there's life in Christchurch..."
DAVID DIMBLEBY, BBC2
(Vincent Bowdren)

"The status quo could well be as it was before..."
MURRAY WALKER, BBC2
(Pauline Lamb)

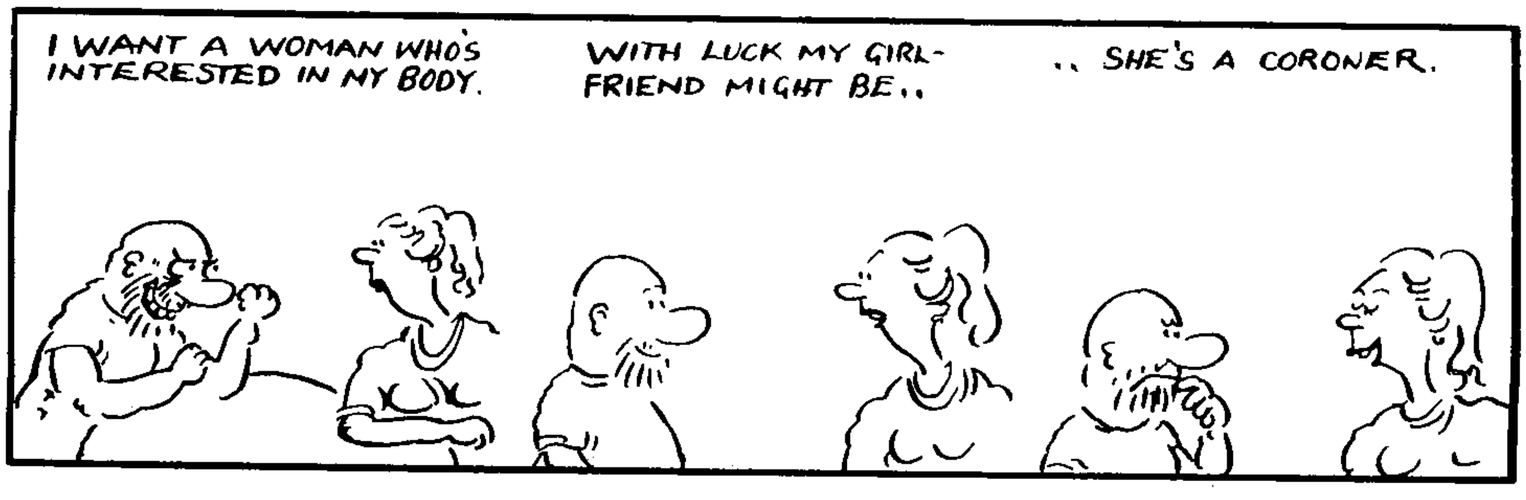
Judy Finnigan: *You say you've been in the Beach Boys for the past 32 years. How long is that exactly?*
Mike Love: *Thirty-two years, I guess..."*
Judy Finnigan: *Really?*
ITV
(Luke Wellesley)

"He's a very dangerous bowler — innocuous, if you like."
DAVID LLOYD, Radio 3
(Chris Prophet)

"Ten [Tour de France] riders crashed, two retired after falls, another dropped out when diarrhoea slowed him to the point of elimination..."
JAMES RICHARDSON, Channel 4
(Dougie Nisbet)

HOM SAP

BY DAVID AUSTIN



選挙 Letter from Japan

from Our Own Correspondent

PUNDITS who believe our country to be in the middle of some sort of major transformation may be disappointed. The new coalition government, whose platform is supposed to end decades of "money-power politics", is led by politicians who bear a remarkable resemblance to the ones who have just been ousted.

While Morihiro Hosokawa is the nominal head of this new government, he depends on the support of the Shinsei (New Life) party, the second largest in the coalition. The party comprises breakaway members of the former governing party, the Liberal Democrats.

It was these breakaway politicians who voted against their own government in June and forced a general election. They are led by two of the LDP's top politicians, former finance minister Tsutomu Hata and former secretary-general Ichiro Ozawa.

Yet the new Shinsei party got off to an odd start. At the inaugural press conference, co-founder Ozawa was nowhere to be seen. Hata gave the lame excuse that Ozawa had to man the telephones at party headquarters in case anyone called. "Someone has to," he told the group of disbelieving hacks. So photographers had to be content with a picture of 43 smiling reformists minus their leading light.

Ozawa's absence probably had more to do with the fact that he represents the kind of politics the Shinsei party has sworn to fight. The former LDP bagman has been closely associated with political crooks, bullies and scuzzbags for most of his parliamentary career. As the most powerful and influential member of the new coalition government, he is not a very good advertisement for its supposedly reformist stance.

Ozawa began his political career as a protegé of former prime minister Kakue Tanaka, the Niigata politician who was convicted of accepting $2 million in bribes in the Lockheed scandal. It was during Tanaka's rule that the term *kinkenseiji*, or "money-power-politics", was first coined.

Ozawa idolised Tanaka and looked on him as the father he never knew. Through Tanaka's help, Ozawa rose quickly through the ranks and became one of the major bankers and power-brokers of the LDP.

In the 1980s, Ozawa became a protegé of the new-deposed "don" of Japanese politics, Shin Kanemaru, a kingmaker who was responsible for installing the last three prime ministers. Kanemaru was deposed after being arrested earlier this year for tax evasion on a massive scale — he had hidden at least $60 million in gold and stock holdings in a safe in his office building. Most of it came from a 1 per cent kickback he received from construction companies in exchange for securing public works contracts.

Ozawa's relationship with Tanaka and Kanemaru was more than professional. He married the daughter of one of Tanaka's leading benefactors, the president of a Niigata construction company. Ozawa's own daughter is married to Shin Kanemaru's son. These are not ties that happen through chance meetings in singles bars.

As secretary-general of the LDP, Ozawa was the man who loaded the party train with gravy, collecting contributions from companies even those unaware that they wanted to make one. He was so close to the money tree he was forced to testify earlier this year before a Diet committee delving into the Sagawa Kyubin scandal. During his testimony, Ozawa either denied everything or remembered nothing, and slipped away without a scratch.

Not surprisingly, more than a few people doubt Ozawa's sincerity in wanting to reform the system that has supported him all these years. Even during the recent election campaign, he proved that old habits die hard, and the Shinsei party owes much of its election success to Ozawa's ability to raise money from the good ol' boys in the Japanese business community.

Cynics have noticed a remarkable resemblance between Shinsei power broker Ichiro Ozawa who espouses a new era in Japanese politics — and the former LDP secretary-general Ichiro Ozawa who was one of the LDP's biggest crooks.

Are they by chance related? We are unlikely to be told.

FUNNY OLD WORLD

O Andrew Ernest George Yardley, a part-time grave digger, appeared in a New Zealand court and admitted making several bungled attempts on his disabled mother's life. Prosecuting counsel told the jury: "First, he sprayed her room with lighter fuel and locked her in, returning after an hour to ask 'Aren't you dead yet, you old cow?' Later, while she slept, he tried to suffocate her with a towel soaked in benzine. Next morning he assaulted her with her own walking frame, fracturing her lower leg and shouting 'Have a heart attack.' He then held a knife to her throat and told her 'You're worm food, have a nice death.' He returned that evening, threw a butter dish which dislocated her shoulder, poured anti-pain oil into her eyes, and twisted her arm behind her back while screaming 'I've just dug your grave, mummy: what are you waiting for?' "

"My son meant no harm," 75-year-old Eileen Daisy Yardley told police shortly after her son's arrest. "It was a family tiff." Whereupon she collapsed. *(New Zealand News, 30 June 1993. Spotter — Paul Burns)*

— O —

O "I am a saintly man. Things are never what they seem," protested Thai monk Samai Parnthong to a Bangkok court. "It was dark and she did not resist my advances. I did not know she had been dead for three days."

Parnthong, who has since been expelled from his monastery, admitted to committing a variety of sexual acts with a corpse. Bum Wo, prosecuting counsel, told the judge: "The dead woman's relatives were midway through the third night of mourning and prayer in the Rassadorn Pathong temple when they heard sounds of splitting wood. Discovering Parnthong on top of the corpse, they began beating him senseless while shouting: 'He is damaging the coffin, kill him, kill him.' His life was only saved by the police, who placed him under arrest."

Parnthong was fined 500 baht for creating a public nuisance while drunk, and given two years in prison for damaging the coffin. Necrophilia is not an offence in Thailand. *(The Nation [Indonesia], 16 March 1993. Spotter — Alan Morgan)*

— O —

O *"You're guilty, I'm certain of that, but I simply can't bear to listen to your damned accountant any longer," announced a tearful Judge Sandra Hamilton to an almost deserted Alberta court.*

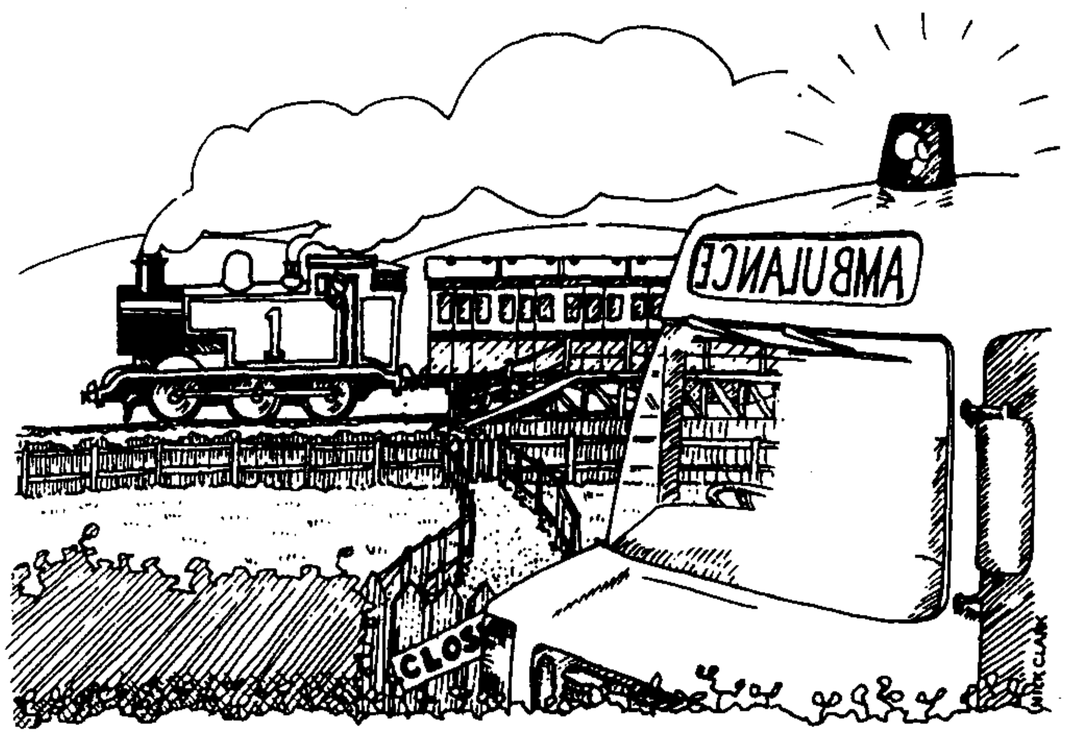
Hamilton, who was presiding over a case involving the Del Fisher insurance company on 15 counts of tax evasion, continued: "It is my observation that

your accountant, Ernie Bretz, is beyond a doubt the dullest witness I've ever had in my court. He speaks in a monotonal voice so totally devoid of interest, and uses language so drab and convoluted, that even the court reporter cannot stay conscious long enough to record his evidence properly. I've had it. Three solid days of his steady drone as he defends an obviously fraudulent set of end-of-year accounts is enough. I cannot face the prospect of another 14 indictments. It's probably unethical, but I don't care. Case dismissed." (International Accountancy Bulletin, 22 January 1993. Spotter — Douglas Friedli)

Compiled by
Victor Lewis-Smith

THOMAS
THE PRIVATISED TANK ENGINE

Two platforms short of a station



"THE Grey Controller says this station is too short," said Thomas's driver one afternoon as Thomas approached a country halt.

"Ah. It will be good to see the platform extended at last," replied Thomas.

As he drew up he saw the Fat Controller struggling to nail a notice to a lamp post. "Excuse me sir," said the Fat Controller to a thin man waiting for the train. "Would you be kind enough to fix up this notice? My doctor has forbidden me to knock."

The thin passenger's jaw dropped when the Fat Controller, panting and sweating, handed him the hammer and the notice. "No, I jolly well shall not!" he exclaimed. "What the devil do you mean by 'Notice of Closure'?"

"It is to be closed on safety grounds, sir. The train is longer than the platform."

"So what? I'll have you know I've used this station every day for fourteen years, and there's not a scratch on me."

"It is conceivable, sir, that one of our customers might injure himself by stepping out of a carriage door which is not opposite the platform."

"Nonsense!" said the thin man, climbing aboard Clarabel.

"I'm afraid the rules and regulations state that this station is too short, sir," said the Fat Controller. "And it's more than my job's worth to ..."

"I'll see you in court!"

THE following Monday, Thomas sailed straight past the closed station. Then he saw a flashing blue light in a nearby road. "Look! An accident!" said Thomas.

Passing by, he saw the body of a thin man sprawled across the bonnet of a car.

"He won't be seeing the Fat Controller in court after all," said Thomas.

"Must have been walking to the bus stop," observed the driver.

"Will they close the road on safety grounds too?"

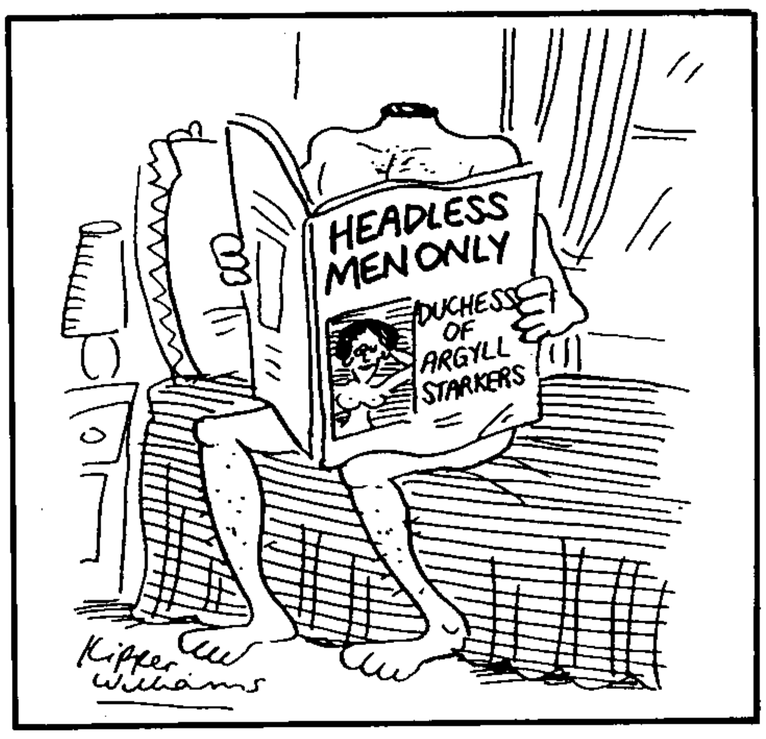
"Don't be silly, Thomas. Closing a road is more than anyone's job's worth, even the Grey Controller's."

DINOSAUR TERROR STALKS FLEET STREET

by Our Fossil Correspondent
Charlotte Brontosaurus

THOUSANDS fled in terror yesterday as hundreds of prehistoric cliches ran amok across the broadsheets, causing panic and boredom to sweep the land.

A swarm of metaphors not seen in such numbers since the last dinosaur movie *(Raquel Whatsername in 2,000,000 Years BC – Ed.)* spread uncontrollably across London, mutating into terrifyingly unfunny jokes such as 'The Maastrichtodon' (*Grauniad*) and 'Thatcherosaurus Rex' (*Observer*). Inspector "Knacker of the Yard" Knacker said: "We had the situation under control, with all the metaphorsauruses safely confined within the minds of a few ageing hacks, then some irresponsible lout released an overhyped film *(shurely 'all the dinosaurs'? Ed).*

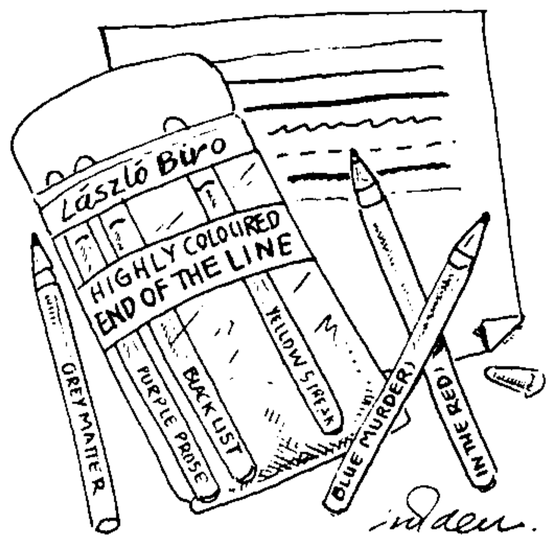


DANCE IN LONDON
English National Ballet re-opens the sumptuously refurbished Savoy Theatre tonight with a Gala in the presence of her holiness the Princess of Wales: *Independent*

The Secret DIARY OF JOHN MAJOR aged 47¾

Friday

Today is a very unhistoric day. A man called Mr Hayward has lost the Christchurch by-election, and unfortunately he was standing for the Conservatives. But fortunately Sir Norma Fowler was able to explain to me on Newsnight that in fact we had won a great victory. Firstly everyone had been predicting that the swing against us would be 35 percent, and it was only 34.8 percent. And secondly we completely thrashed the Labour Party, who even lost their deposit. They really are useless! No wonder



nobody votes for them. Besides we have now drawn a line under this, as we have successfully done under Maastricht, Newbury and the so-called Bastardgate. All these now have lines drawn under them, with my special new set of coloured biros which I bought at Ryman's — with free refills, which I shall definitely need as there are so many things to draw lines under these days!

Saturday

Imagine how not inconsiderably annoying it was to see that the papers this morning were still full of Bastardgate, Maastricht and Christchurch. Don't they realise that a line has been drawn under all three? Sometimes the papers make themselves look very stupid by being so out of touch with things that have had a line drawn under them.

As she read the stories out to me, my wife Norman said: "I am very shocked by some of these words you have been using to Mr Brunson."

"Oh," I replied, with no small measure of embarrassment, "what words are those?"

She laughed and said: " 'Decision', 'action', 'leadership'." She then went off to Boots to buy some things for our holiday, including some special sun cream called "Factor 94" which she said would stop me going red — "particularly after the next by-election result". I had no idea what she meant.

Monday

Entirely as I predicted, the ERM has collapsed. I called in Mr O'Donnell and told him to inform the press that this only showed I had been completely right all along. " 'PM Says — I Told You So' — that is the headline I want to read tomorrow."

Mr O'Donnell, in my judgement rather rudely, said, "Yes, you told them on 15 September last year that 'we will never leave the ERM and it is absolutely vital to Britain's economic future'."

I told him that I had drawn a line under that speech as well.

Tuesday

Mr Lamont is trying to claim credit for Britain leaving the ERM. What utter rubbish. It was my idea to leave it, just as it was my idea to go back in again when the time was right. This will not now unfortunately be possible, because the ERM does not exist any longer. However that does not change the fact that I was right to leave the ERM when the Germans told me to.

Another thing about the collapse of the ERM is that it completely shows up how wrong the so-called Euro-rebels are. They claim that Europe won't work whereas the ERM shows that we Europeans can all agree to draw a line under something when it doesn't work in a spirit of mutual co-operation. Oh yes.

Wednesday

I am afraid that the lady whose name I cannot mention has really gone too far this time. She has been talking to television reporters, showing yet again her total lack of judgement. She has described several members of her Cabinet as "bastards" for betraying her, and she has not even had the courage to name them. This only shows, what I have always said, that she should never have been prime minister.

Thursday

Mr O'Donnell was very excited and told me that I had been asked to write a column for the News of the World. This is a very important paper read by millions of people.

"I am very flattered but I am a busy man and I do not have the time to write a column..."

"You already have," he said, producing some typewritten sheets from his briefcase.

I must admit it was very good and I agreed with nearly all of it. For example, I say:

"Who says Britain is finished? Not me! Oh no! Look at our export figures. They speak for themselves. And didn't Nigel Mansell do well in that race? He is British. So am I. Three cheers for us."

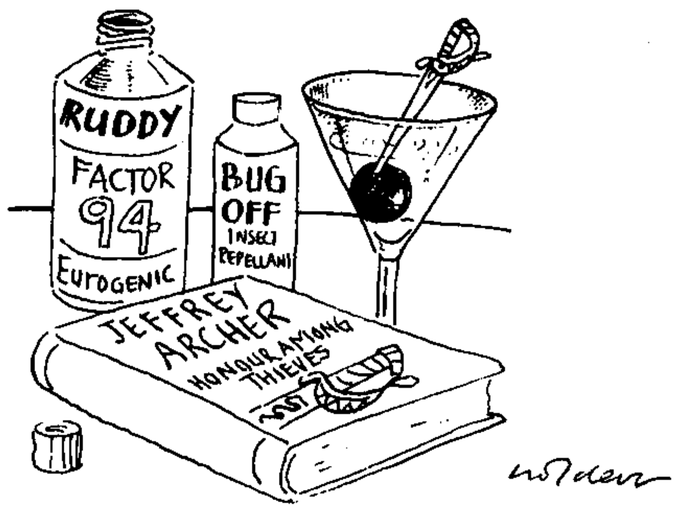
It was so good I said to Mr O'Donnell: "I could do this every week. Even when I am on holiday."

Friday

Today I was very busy indeed going to the Test Match and being photographed. England have a new captain but are still losing. This shows there is no point in changing the man at the top just because the newspapers say he is no good.

Saturday

Today we went to Gatwick airport, where we joined up with our Suntour for the flight to a country called Algarvia, I think. Anyway, it is on the Mediterranean



and is very hot. On the plane I read the new novel by my friend Jeffrey Archer. It starts very grippingly by describing the prime minister of england, James Colonel, sitting on a plane to Portugal, reading a brilliant new novel by the brilliant novelist Godfrey Bowman. In the book Colonel suddenly realises that he has made a terrible mess of running the country, and decides that, as the plane lands, he will ring up the Queen and tell her to appoint Godfrey Bowman as prime minister instead of him (not one of Jeffrey's best, I'm afraid).

When we arrived at our time-share I told Norman what a relief it was to get completely away from all the nasty things they have been saying about me in the newspapers. Now I can just relax by the pool and read the papers which Sir Robin Butler has arranged to have flown out to me every day.

A Police Doctor Writes

Renal failure

Evening all. As a police doctor I am often asked: "Doctor, wouldn't you agree that this woman died of renal failure?"

The simple answer is "Yes, of course, sir, that is clearly the cause of death and not oxygen deprivation at all".

What happens is that the patient is bound and gagged by six officers with restraining equipment in a procedure known as *Sellotapia normalis knackerensis.*

This is perfectly safe but there is one small side effect which we doctors call "Death".

If you think you are an illegal immigrant and wish to remain alive, you should seek the first plane out.

© A. Doctor

"I was deported from Britain!"

Poetry Corner

In Memoriam King Baudouin and Dave Lee Travis

So. Farewell
Then
King Baudouin
And Dave Lee
Travis.

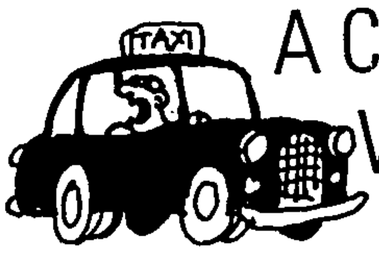
Belgian Monarch
And Radio One
Disc Jockey
Respectively.

The Hairy Monster
That was the
DJ's nickname.

I do not
Know what
King Baudouin's
Was.

Eee Jay Thribbis (17½)

A Cabbie Writes



Each week a well known taxi driver is asked to comment on an issue of topical importance.

This week **Richard Littlejohn** (Cabbie Of The Year, What The Cabbies Say Awards 1993) on The Joy Gardner Affair

Blimey guv that Bernie Grant makes you wanna chuck up dunnee? Let's face it she had it coming to 'er scroungin' around for years and then being surprised when the boys in blue do 'er over. What's all the fuss about? She brought it on 'erself if she hadn't hung around none of this would 'ave 'appened and Bernie Grant wants us to have a riot about it!? Ya know what I'd do wiv 'im and his sort? I wouldn't string 'im up because I don't believe in that *(shurely shome mishtake? Editor of Sun)* but I think he should be birched it's the only language people like 'im understand. I had that Eugene Terreblanche in the back of the cab...

NEXT WEEK: Tessie Gorman (Cab: No. 1732570) on Why Bernie Grant should be deported.

THE ROYAL TREASURES

Highlights of the Palace Tour

What you will see:

1 Limited Edition T-shirt bearing legend: "I've been to Buck House to See The Queen but she wasn't there". **£29.99**

2 Highly Important Box of Chocolates in shape of Royal Orb. Picture of corgi on cover taken by Lord Snowdon. Embossed message in gold "Best Before September 1998". **£58.99**

3 Exquisite Fabergé-style biro of the type used by the Queen if she were to use a biro. Choice of red, white and blue. **£39.99**

4 Tasteful paperweight "Buckingham Palace in Snowstorm". Designed by Royal Paperweight designer, Sir Huge Cashin. **£179.99**

5 Pack of Three Boxer Shorts. As worn by Duke of Edinburgh. With crown motif and *(That's enough tatty souvenirs, Ed)*.

THE CONTROVERSIAL VOICE

This week **Dave Spart**, co-chair Neasden Socialist Anti-Racist Alliance Front (NSARAF), gives his view on the Joy Gardner controversy.

Once again, the capitalist media have totally and sickeningly distorted the real story regarding the deliberate assassination of a black woman by fascist death squads formed solely for this purpose, ie to intimidate the ethnic minority by, er, violence and state fascism and, er, Police brutality on a Gestapo scale and, er... the media under the collaborator Press Barons have instead attacked concerned groups, ie the NSARAF (Neasden Spartacists Against Reactionary Assassination Fascists) who are merely honestly and impartially attempting to draw public attention to the murder of an innocent black woman which has been totally ignored by the Media... er... it is sickening and totally predictable that we should be accused of trying to exploit this tragedy when all ourselves and the other fraternal action committees are demanding is an immediate and total mass riot and the burning down of Scotland Yard and No.10 Downing Street, er...

(continued p.94)

LUZ
BY CUTTER PERKINS & RGJ
Nº25
THE BASTAAD UN'S GIVEN ME THE POKE!
THEM AN' AAL? FNARR FNARR!
GAN ON WOR PUNKS! MEK MY DAY!
GI' EM ROCK SON!
DIRTY HARRY
TRUNDLE!
CLUNK!
PROLES SHIT SHIP
I AM 93
GOOD TA SEE SOMEONE ELSE TANKED UP!!
AH'VE NAILED DOON THE FURNITURE FOR YER, FATHA!
REET, SON! SECURITY'S AS TIGHT AS YER MUTHA!
BUCK HIC
TAXI
I'M TIGHTA THAN SHE IS! CHEERS!

The Daily Hellograph

Whither The European Ideal After The Collapse Of The European Monetary System?

1. Ha ha ha ha — the Frogs and the Krauts are at each other's throats.

2. Erm...

3. That's it. Ha ha ha ha.

On Other Pages In Today's Soaraway Hellograph

Woman Wears Silly Hat At Funeral Of The Snobby Old Slag Who Had It Off With The Headless Man 3 ■ Her Late Grace The Duchess Of Argyll, Last Of The Great Hostesses by H. Massivesnob 7 ■ Pictures Of Women In Very Short Skirts Playing Cricket 8 ■ Who Will Be The New Bass Guitarist Of The Rolling Stones? F* Knows, Says Our Youth Correspondent Tony Gobb 11 ■ The New Contraceptive Implant – Leslie Grunge Takes It Out For A Spin 12**

Hunt is on for top school head

by Our Education Staff **John Mortarboard and Geoff Test-Boycott**

THE MOST prestigious job in British education is up for grabs following the shock news that the headmaster of St Cake's, Mr E.P.Q. Kipling, is to become Senior Warden of Tesco College, Cambridge.

Mr Kipling, who is generally considered to have made St Cake's an exceedingly good school, has been headmaster for 47 years. He said last night, "It is time to move on to a new job which involves less work, more money and a knighthood".

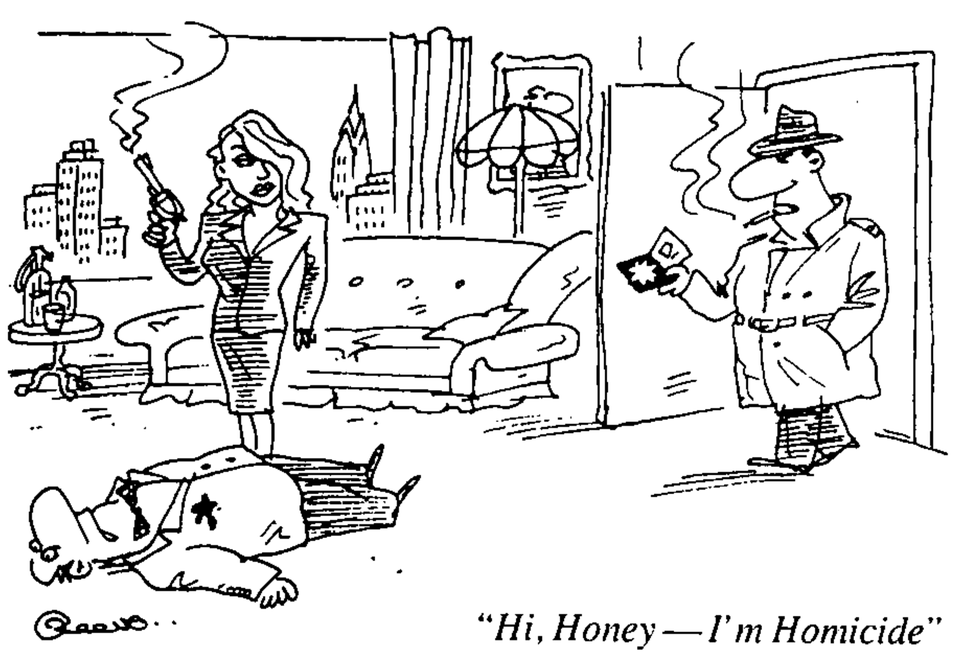
Cake and Eton

Among the front runners for the number one public school hot seat are:

● Mr C.P.G. Arctic-Roll, presently head of St Jaffa's, Telford New Town. He is particularly keen on computer studies and believes that every pupil should have access to his own 10 billion megabyte mainframe computer system.

● Jean-Paul Eclair, currently principal of the Lycée de la Madeleine, Gateau-sur-Plat. St Cake's governors are believed to be looking for a Europen dimension to the appointment of the new head, and have been impressed by M. Eclair's encycopaedic knowledge of EEC agricultural directives.

● Mrs J. Bakewell-Tart, headmistress of Eccles High School for Girls and currently wicket-keeper for the England Women's Cricket XI. The governors support an equal opportunities policy and are keen to be seen not to discriminate against a woman, although they won't pick her.



"Hi, Honey — I'm Homicide"

HURD AND WOOSTER

New series set in America

The Story So Far: The impeccable "gentleman's gentleman" Hurd has been loaned by his longtime employer Bertie Major to an eccentric American, Mr William Jefferson Airplane III.

(Sound of jazz saxophone being played extremely badly. The Washington Capitol is glimpsed through a window at the back of the set)

Hurd *(entering with telegram on silver salver):* Ahem. Does Sir know the Serbs are shelling Sarajevo?

President Airplane: No, but if you hum it, I'll pick it up.

(Plays flurry of wrong notes. Frightened pigeons fly from window ledge)

Hurd: Sir is very amusing.

Airplane: I try to do my best.

Hurd: Indeed, sir. That is not the general sentiment of the commentators.

(Begins to iron pair of jogging shorts bearing the legend "Glad to be G.I.")

Airplane: You're goddam right, Hurd. But I'm going to change that. I've had a great idea that'll soon have them cheering me down Fifth Avenue with tickertape.

Hurd: You mean Sir is going to resign?

Airplane: Like hell I am. I love your English sense of humour. No, Hurdie, I'm going to bomb the hell out of those Serbs.

Hurd: Ah. I think, Sir, though a tempting notion, it might be premature to engage in aerial intervention of the type Sir envisages.

Airplane: What do you mean "premature"? I thought the whole damn war was nearly over.

Hurd: Sir has grasped the point precisely. The war is only *nearly* over. The statesmanlike course, as I have tried to explain to my English employer Mr Bertram Major, is to say that the situation in Bosnia is indeed most regrettable, and to indicate that the use of force might indeed be advisable at some future, unspecified date, but in the meantime to wait until the war is actually over before doing anything.

Airplane: But Holy Moly, by then it will be too late to do anything at all.

Hurd: Indeed, Sir. As Horace so shrewdly observed, *Rem acuit tetigisti.*

Airplane: Who's this guy Horace? Should we put him on the payroll?

(Enter fearsome looking female)

Aunt Agatha Hillary Roddam Airplane: Now you look here, Bill. You don't want to take any crap from the Limey. You listen to me.

Airplane *(feebly):* You know I always do, honey.

Hurd *(polishing saxophone with cat):* That, sir, may well account for many of your personal difficulties.

(More silly music over shot of Lincoln Memorial)

© Fry and Laurie (Wodehouse Productions) Inc.

CROP CIRCLE STORIES BEGIN TO REAPPEAR

by Our Not-On-Holiday Staff **Mike Standin and Sandra Work-Experience**

AMAZING crop circle stories have been spotted all over Britain's newspapers this week.

For the first time since last summer an outbreak of these extraordinary phenomena has again baffled readers looking for news.

Said one spotter: "I've no idea why they keep coming back year after year. But they are definitely back. On Tuesday I saw seven, with a beautiful one in the *Telegraph*. It was an extraordinary shape, going down the first column and then round and round an advertisement for memory loss."

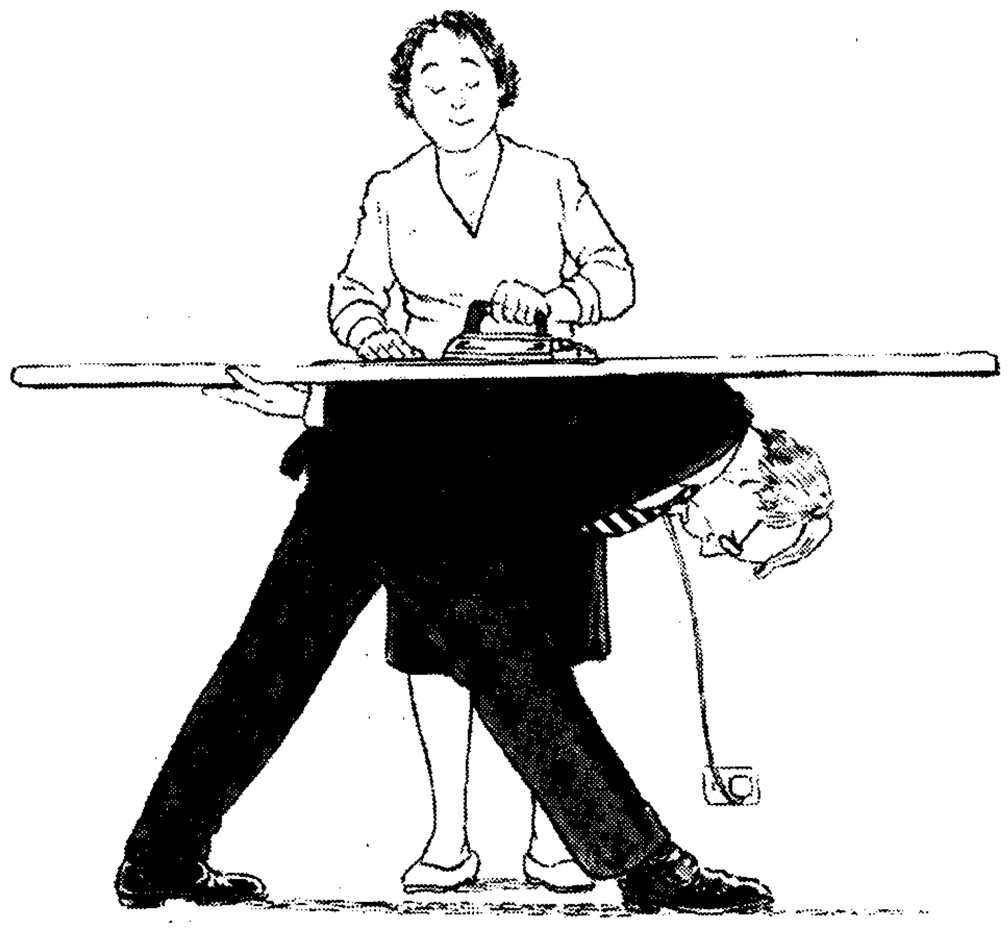
Once again experts have offered various explanations for the recurrence of these summer paranormal manifestations. They suggest they are caused by:

- **Electrical impulses swirling on the geodesic axis of the globe.**
- **Extraterrestrial life forms giving a coded message via the pages of the *Independent*.**
- **Desperate journalists filling in all the acres of space whilst the entire Features staff is on holiday in Tuscany.**

One thing is certain. No one knows where they will appear next, but a pretty good guess is to look between the stories about Diana going shopping and the ones about her not going shopping.

ET has gone home.

ON OTHER PAGES ● *Article held over since April p 3* ● ***Piece that wouldn't normally get in p 4*** ● *Simon Heffer on something or other p 6* ● ***Big photos pp 5, 7, 9, 10*** ● *Thin stuff pp 11, 12, 13, 15, 17, 18*



101 USES FOR A JOHN MAJOR (5)

AN IRONING BOARD

GLENDA SLAGG

The girl who hits 'em for six!

FERGIE — aren'tchasickofher?!?? Now she wants to be Miss Goody Two-Shoes, a-smilin' and a-reconcilin' at the UN?!?! (That's the Oonited Nations to you, Mister!)

Too late — Your So-Called Ma'amness!?! You can't fool US!?! We've all seen in the photos what you've got up top!?! And it isn't brains!?!? (Geddit?) No, siree, stop sucking up to the International Commoonity, Honey-Bun, and go back to your boyfriend's toes!!?!

THE DUCHESS OF YORK — God Bless Her!? I say leave this lovable lassie alone — all she wants to do is raise a few pennies for the toddlers in Bosnia?!!! And what happens?!? All the hoity-toity toffee-noses in the Palace put the kybosh on it!?!

Come on, Queenie, give the gal a break!?! What about Fergie for Pope??!? Yes or No?!! *(Shurely shome mishtake? Ed.)*

THREE JEERS for Guzzlin' Gazza?!?! So now he tells us he's got Bulimia!?! Oh yeah, Fatso?!? How'd you get it then, Mr Geordie Gutbucket?!? Drinking lager by the gallon and eating platefuls of pizza all day, I suppose!?!

Come off it, yer Tyneside Tub of Lard!?! The only person who's sick when you're around is me!?!!! Arrivederci, you Lazio Booger!?! (Geddit?!)

HATS OFF to Gazza — at least he's got the guts (no pun intended, wise guy!) to tell us about his eating disorder!?! Not every Macho Muncher would dare to spill the beans (no pun intended, Mr Clever-Clogs!_ 'bout all his bingein' and a-whingein'?!?

Just like Princess Di!!

PRINCESS DI! Don'tcha-luv'er?!? (You've done her ten times this week. Ed.)

SEEN *Jurassic Park* yet?!?! Me neither!? Dina Snore!?!? (Geddit?!!)

HOORAH for the English cricket team!?!? Not the men, stoopid!?! They couldn't beat a carpet!!? I'm talkin' 'bout the Gallant Gals, the Flannelled Femmes, the Women in White, the Battin' and Bowlin' Belles (Get on with it. Ed) *who won the World Cup for England!?!? This little maiden was bowled over by the damsels in the slips — not the ones they were wearin'!?!*

Nice to see a decent leg before wicket!?! (You're fired. Ed.)

HERE they are — Glenda's Silly Season Sexpots!!?

- **GEORGE SOROS**. Hi there, Mr Currency Speculator!?! How'd ya like to come round and push me through the floor?!? (Geddit?!)
- **JACOB REES-MOGG**. OK, so he's a Chip off the Old Blockhead (Geddit?). But here's one lil ol' Ma who'll be Stricht with you!?! (Geddit?!)
- **WILLIAM VON STRAUBENZEE** — Crazee name, crazee guy!?! (Geddit?!)

Byezeeeeeeee!!

THE INDEPENDENT

No 2,120 FRIDAY 13 AUGUST 1993 ★★★ Published in London 45p

Why We Must Intervene Now To Save Strobesnia

LUNCHTIME O'BOSNIA

THE GREATEST tragedy in the history of the world is unfolding to its conclusion in the City Road.

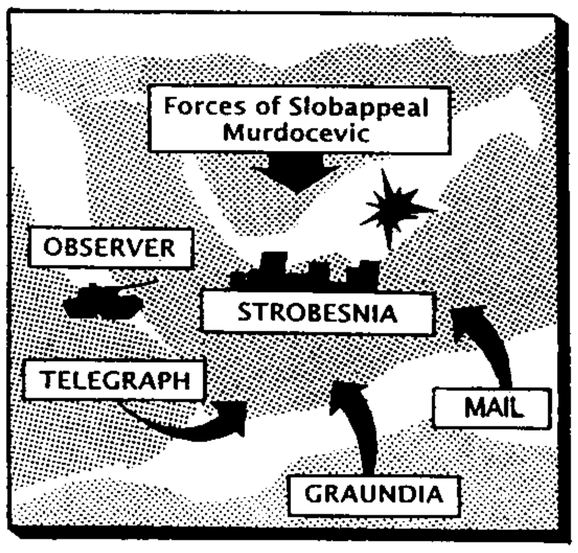
Pounded on all sides by a remorseless barrage from the big guns of the *Times* and the *Telegraph*, plucky little Strobesnia, under its charismatic leader Andreas Itizaryu, is facing final collapse.

In recent days water and electricity have been cut off, and the trickle of refugees to the *Guardian* and the *Observer* has turned into a flood.

Cries for outside help have fallen on deaf ears, and even Strobesnia's Italian and Spanish allies are considering withdrawing their aid.

As his enemies close in for the kill, Strobesnia has only one desperate last card to play — to call for immediate armed intervention in Bosnia and to print the names of all its remaining readers on the front page in the hope that they will continue to buy it for at least one more day.

Will Strobesnia Fall This Week?



WEST END ROUND-UP

Tickets still available for:

GREASE-MOGG

Revival of '60s Editor of the Times set in an English High Court. Man falls in love with himself and dances about looking an idiot. Hit songs include: *I'm The One That I Want, Those Somerset Nights* and *Hopelessly Out Of Touch*.

. . . . . .

HEIR!

Revival of the '80s Prince of Wales. Man falls in love with beautiful upper-class woman. Unfortunately she isn't his wife, and his hair starts falling out. Nude romps in various 'safe houses'. Hit songs include: *Don't Let The Man From The Sun In, I Think There's A Lot In This Age Of Aquarius Thingie*, and *I Talk To The Trees And They're Very Interested In What I Have To Say*.

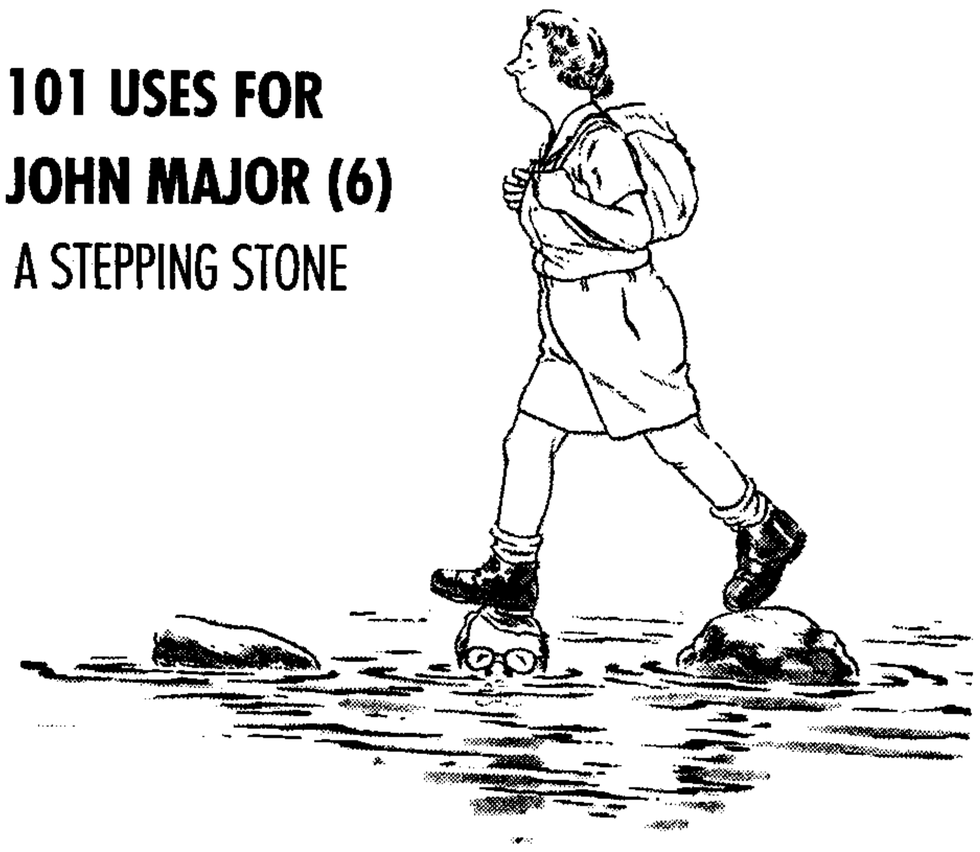
. . . . . .

AN INSPECTOR CALLS

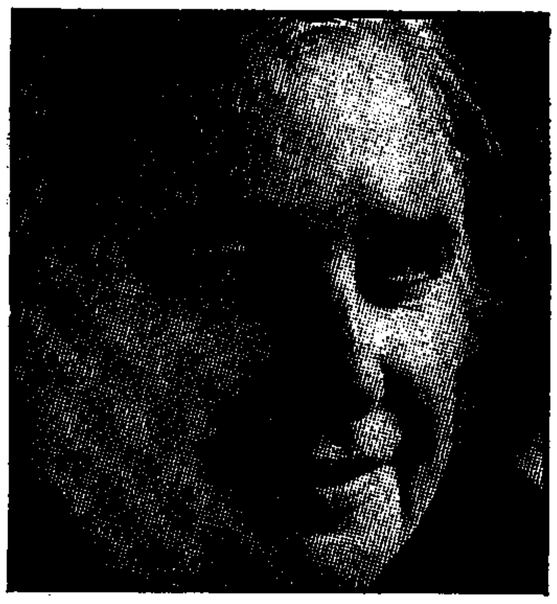
Revival of 1990s police psycho-thriller about an inspector from the Immigration Squad who pays an unexpected visit to an illegal immigrant. Trouble starts when she dies in suspicious circumstances. Play suspended pending Home Office enquiries.

101 USES FOR A JOHN MAJOR (6)

A STEPPING STONE



POLITICAL DIARY



Alan Watsinitforme

I hope my readers may be indulgent if I do not return this week to the seminal subject of the Maastricht Treaty and the strange role of the Solicitor-General and the letter to Madam Speaker (of which more anon). The reason for my uncustomary forbearance is not wholly unconnected with late events in the office of this newspaper, which recall the celebrated 'Night of the Long Knives' in 1957 when, as my friend Iain McLeod once put it, "half an hour is a long time without a drink" (a remark often misattributed to the late Lord George Brown of happy memory). Perhaps I may summarise the extraordinary chain of circumstances which were to set off the greatest upheaval in British politics since I left the *Spectator* in 1968. On Monday last week I received a communication from Mr Ian Jack, the editor of a certain Sunday newspaper, asking me whether I would assume the onerous task of having lunch with people all week, and then sitting down on Friday afternoon to knock out 800 words on the Maastricht Treaty in return for a very large increase in my weekly emoluments. On Tuesday I put it to Mr Fenby (who I should perhaps explain is the gentleman from the *Guardian* who now occupies the editorial chair of the *Observer* — of whom no more ever) that he might care to match the offer made to me by Mr Jack and add on "£10,000 for luck", as the late Ian Mikardo was wont to observe to his confreres in the People's Party. On Wednesday I was reduced to apoplexy when this frightful little upstart from the *Guardian* wrote me the following letter:

Dear Mr Wilkins,
Owing to the staff restructuring programme currently being implemented in the Observer, I regret that we are unable to accede to your request for an increment in your salary.
Yours faithfully,
D.L. Tharg (Ms)
pp. J. Fenby (signed in his absence)

It would be hard to imagine a more shameful display of ingratitude and contempt towards one of the greatest and most distinguished political commentators of this or any other age, a man comparable only to the late Watler Bagehot, so often misquoted, let me add, on the vexed subject of the (continued in the *Indescribablyboring on Sunday*).

TV The Antiques Roadshow

with Hugh Scully

(Agreeable music by Respighi Topes, the popular Italian composer)

SCULLY: This week's Roadshow comes from the heart of London's fashionable Belgravia, and this is Dennis. And what have you got for us today, Denis?

DENIS: I've got this old piece which we've had in the family for years.

SCULLY *(examining large antique female figure, looking slightly the worse for wear):* Well, I must admit, this is a most extraordinary object. It's a real one-off. I'd say it was 1980s vintage, made in Grantham. Just what purpose it serves, I'm not sure. If I told you that it was not worth anything at all, would you be surprised?

DENIS: Not at all, old boy.

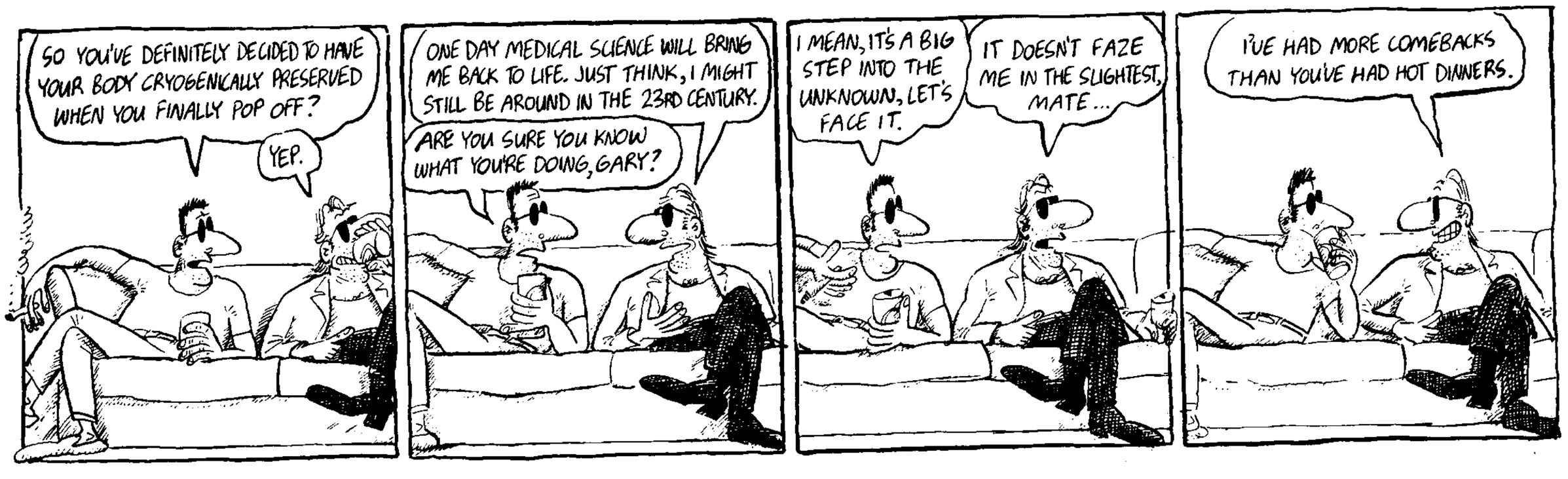
(Thatch hits him with handbag)

Great Bores Of Today.

"... here it is! sorry you've been kept waiting so long but it always takes ages if you use fresh ingredients the fish went in the oven at nine o'clock this morning Elizabeth David recommends eight hours marinating but I use a clay oven so it takes longer and she's wrong about basil it gives it far too herby a feel I prefer to adapt recipes anyway for example I use Greek olive oil with sea bass and I know Delia says wild mushrooms with coriander but I use celery which gives both the flavour and the texture to carry it you'll see what I mean when we have the pasta shells because traditionally you're meant to have baked polenta with pine kernels which is supposed to say Tuscany but I like to go a bit further south so I throw in walnuts and a sort of cambozola sauce all of my own you do have to make everything yourself although I *do* cheat on the pasta because otherwise we'd be here all night as it is tonight took two days shopping and another day to prepare it I do all the cooking now except during the week when my wife does it don't you Jenny? for me cooking is a way to relax I love it there's nothing more satisfying oh you're a vegetarian? not even fish? oh well you could have told me oh all right Jenny will you do an omelette or something..."

Celeb

LIGGER


SO YOU'VE DEFINITELY DECIDED TO HAVE YOUR BODY CRYOGENICALLY PRESERVED WHEN YOU FINALLY POP OFF?
YEP.
ONE DAY MEDICAL SCIENCE WILL BRING ME BACK TO LIFE. JUST THINK, I MIGHT STILL BE AROUND IN THE 23RD CENTURY.
ARE YOU SURE YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING, GARY?
I MEAN, IT'S A BIG STEP INTO THE UNKNOWN, LET'S FACE IT.
IT DOESN'T FAZE ME IN THE SLIGHTEST, MATE...
I'VE HAD MORE COMEBACKS THAN YOU'VE HAD HOT DINNERS.

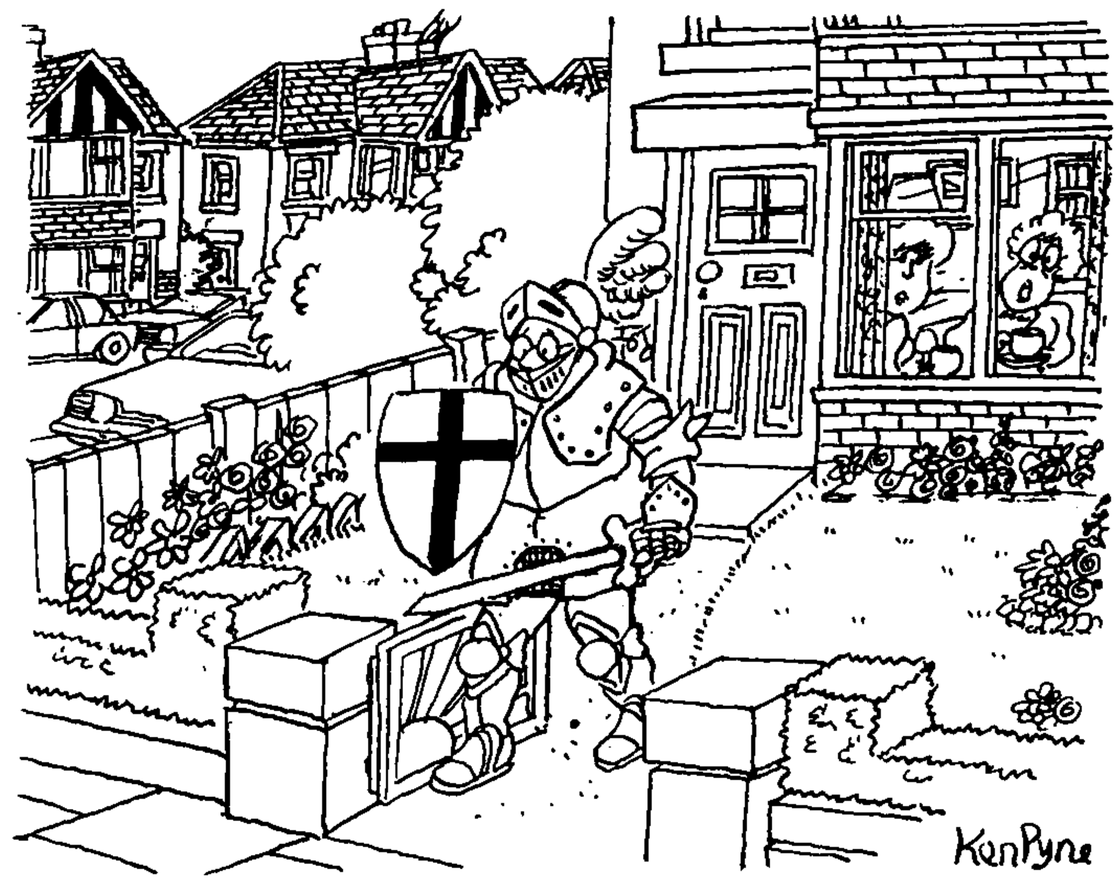
APOLOGY
Global Warming

IN COMMON with all other newspapers we may have given the impression that we believed in the effect of so-called Global Warming. We may inadvertently have suggested that, as a result of increased fossil fuel consumption and subsequent methane production, er... *(Get Science Correspondent to fill this bit in. Ed)* **the planet was going to increase dramatically in temperature, leading to a catastrophic series of related events, including the melting of the Polar ice caps, widespread flooding in low-lying regions and the creation of new deserts in countries hitherto unaffected by drought.**

In particular, readers may have thought that English summers were going to get a bit warmer and that they would be able to sit out in the garden and get a bit of a tan.

We now realise that there is not a shred of evidence to support the notion of global warming and that the whole phenomenon is based on unfounded rumour and baseless speculation.

We apologise unreservedly to our readers for the distress caused to them by this bloody awful weather we're having. It makes you sick, doesn't it?



"Of course, Gordon can only go in search of the Holy Grail at weekends"

THE GRAUNIAD
Friday August 13 1993

Places to go: things to do – with kids in mind

● Open Day at **Neasden Reservoir.**
A fascinating excursion for all the family to one of north London's newest reservoirs (1978). Includes visit to the computerised Control Room, Filter Complex and Perimeter Walk. Aug. 27th. Admission £3. Concessions £2. (Neasden Tube or 147B bus)

● **The Norris Moth Museum, Bath.**
An excellent small museum which boasts over 3,000 species of moth from Europe and North America. There are audio-visual displays and a hands-on Moth Simulator which older youngsters will love. Informative Personal Tour by curator Christopher Norris, nephew of the founder Randolph Norris. Aug 3rd-Oct 27. Admission free — Donations welcome. (A94, Junction 10)

● **The Lymeswold Working Cheese Museum, Buddleigh Salterton.**
Britain's only fully functional cheese-producing learning centre, with an entire 18th-century Cheesery recreated in an old windmill. The staff wear exciting period costumes and youngsters take home a free piece of cheese. Family admission £12. (M7, Northwich Turn-Off)

● **The Chuter-Ede Walk, Streatham.**
An urban walk in the footsteps of famous 'Fifties Labour Cabinet Minister James Chuter-Ede through his old constituency. 1½ hours with guide includes his house in Glenolden Road, the public library he opened in 1958, and the housing development named after him (subsequently renamed The Bernie Grant Estate). 2.30pm every 2nd Wednesday, August through to November. Admission £28.50. No concessions. (Brixton Tube or 159 bus)

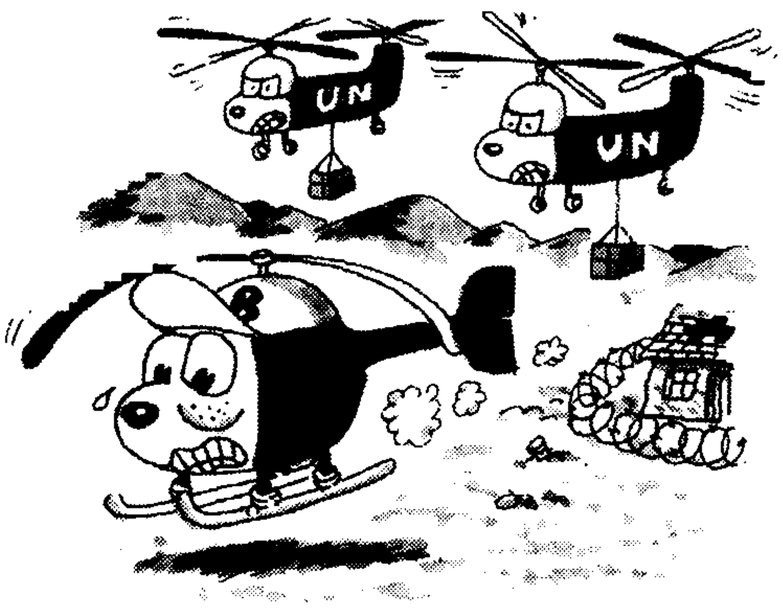
● **The Crack Factory, Stoke Newington.**
All-night trip to the biggest crack/cocaine centre in Europe. Meet Mr Death and go for a joyride in a stolen Ford Cosworth. *(Shouldn't this be the Cricklewood Ceramics Centre, where you can watch potters at their wheel making a variety of household crockery and where kids can take home a Personalised Horoscope Mug? Ed.)*

RESEARCH: Deborah Drear, Kevin Beard, Felicity Grunge, Roger Alton, Polly Pilkin and Iain McDullie.

CORRECTION
The Peruvian Alta Rica Band, who we listed in last week's guide as performing outdoors at the Yeovil Leisure Centre on 27th July, were in fact playing at the One World Children's Fair in Skegness.

Budgie The Helicopter Gets Snubbed

Budgie the Helicopter looked enviously at all the big UN helicopters flying mercy missions into Bosnia.



"I know", he said, "I could do that. And then people would like me and shout 'Hurrah for Fergie *(shurely 'Budgie'? Ed)*'."

So he flew all the way to the Big Airfield and volunteered.

"I want to help," said Budgie. "I want to improve relations between the warring factions."

"The Serbs and the Croats, Little Budgie?" laughed the UN helicopters.

"No. My author and the press," said Budgie loyally.

"You must be joking. Sod off, you little creep. Go and fly round the South of France where you belong."

THE END OF BUDGIE ***(shurely 'Fergie'? Ed)***

IN THE COURTS

Lady Chatterjee v. H.M. Customs and Excise

Before Mr Justice Cocklecarrot

Day 94

The case was resumed today in which Lady Foster Chatterjee and her daughter Mrs Indira Ghastli are suing an official of H.M. Customs, Mr K.B. Jobsworth, following an incident at Heathrow Airport on 12 January 1991, on the grounds that he was "jolly rude to them".

Lady Chatterjee told the court how on the night in question she had returned from a package holiday to the Middle East, accompanied by her daughter, when they were stopped by Mr Jobsworth as they were about to enter the "Blue Zone", designated for "EC Nationals Who Have Nothing To Declare".

"Oy," Mr Jobsworth is alleged to have said, "where do you two Pakis think you're going?"

Sir Ephraim Hugefee QC *(for Lady Chatterjee):* Could you tell the court what happened then?

Lady Chatterjee: I told him that I was married to a number of very important people, including Andrew Knight.

Judge: Who is Andrew Knight?

Sir Ephraim: M'lud, he is a very senior executive with the highly respected publishing company of Murdoch Filth plc.

Judge: I understood from this morning's *Daily Telegraph*, Lady Chatterjee, that you were married to Sir Norman Lager, the famous modern architect?

Lady Chatterjee: That was some time later, my lord. Can I get on with telling the court what an unspeakable little man Mr Jobsworth is?

Judge: Of course. Pray continue.

Sir Ephraim Hugefee: Lady Chatterjee, could you hold this onion in your right hand and sob uncontrollably while you tell the court what an unspeakable little man Mr Jobsworth is?

Lady Chatterjee *(sobbing uncontrollably):* I am not doing this for myself, you know. I am doing it for all the oppressed women of the Third World who might receive the same treatment at the hands of the fascist Jobsworth and who are not lucky enough to be married to someone as important as whoever it is that I am married to at the moment.

Sir Ephraim: Lady Chatterjee, I wonder if you would now give us some lurid details of the type that would look good on page 3 of tomorrow's *Daily Telegraph*? For instance, when you were stopped by Mr Jobsworth, were you in any way kicked, beaten, stamped on or dragged by the hair naked round and round the luggage carousel, while Mr Jobsworth screamed "Go home, darkie scum!" at the top of his voice?

Lady Lagerlout: It was exactly like that. When you describe it, I can almost believe it happened.

(Enter grey-haired bespectacled antiquarian bookseller)

Lord Mogg *(for it is he):* I would like to say a few words about the Maastricht Treaty.

Judge: There is only room in the court for one aged bore who doesn't know what is going on and that is me. Kindly return to Somerset, and take that ridiculous son of yours with you.

(Sycophantic laughter from barristers)

Mr Jobsworth then entered the witness box to describe how he had been attacked by two vicious women, whom he now recognised as the accused.

Jobsworth: My suspicions were aroused when I saw these two ladies with Jordanian visas in their passports carrying rolled up copies of the *Telegraph*, which I immediately took to be components for an Iraqi supergun.

Sir Charles Greyman *(for HM Customs):* Mr Jobsworth, can I put it to you that when you saw these two ladies you approached them with every courtesy, despite the fact that they were obviously foreign spies?

Jobsworth: That's right. I said to them: "Good evening, ladies, I hope you enjoyed a lovely holiday. You certainly have caught the sun." At which point, the two female persons went apeshit.

Judge: Mr Jobsworth, could you explain that expression in plain English?

Jobsworth: What I mean, your worship, is that they went totally bananas. They did their nut. They fried their biscuit.

Judge: Thank you, Mr Jobsworth. Pray continue.

Jobsworth: The older woman, the ugly bird, Mrs Jollibarmey or whatever she calls herself, got all uppity and the fat one screamed: "I am the Editor of the *Times* and I shall be writing to myself about this." Then they both began to attack me with six-foot machetes, and I was obliged to run for my life.

Judge: A most unfortunate incident, I'll be bound. Are there are other witnesses in this most distressing case?

Sir Charles Greyman: M'lud I would now like to call Mrs Ludmilla Jobsworth, the mother of the defendant, who has come all the way from Hounslow to testify to the good character of her son.

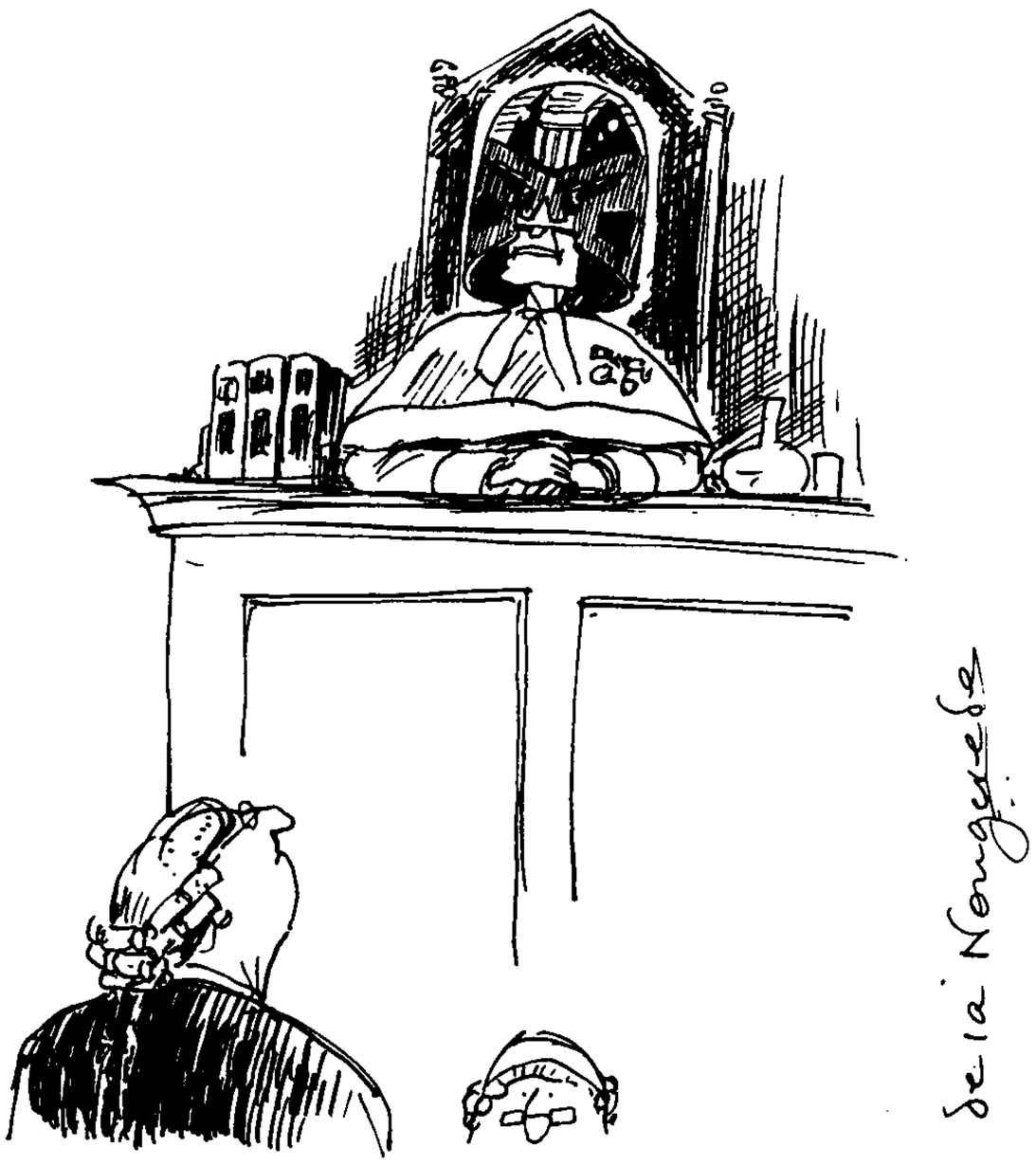
Mrs Jobsworth: He's a lovely boy, my Kevin. Would never be rude to a fly. He's got a lovely sweet nature and all he's ever wanted to be since he was three was a customs man, so he could help old ladies pack their cases again after he's emptied them out on the floor.

Mrs Chatterjee: Who is that ghastly common little charwoman? I hope no one's going to believe her. I bet she's never been married to anyone important in her life.

Judge: Could you refrain from interruptions, please?

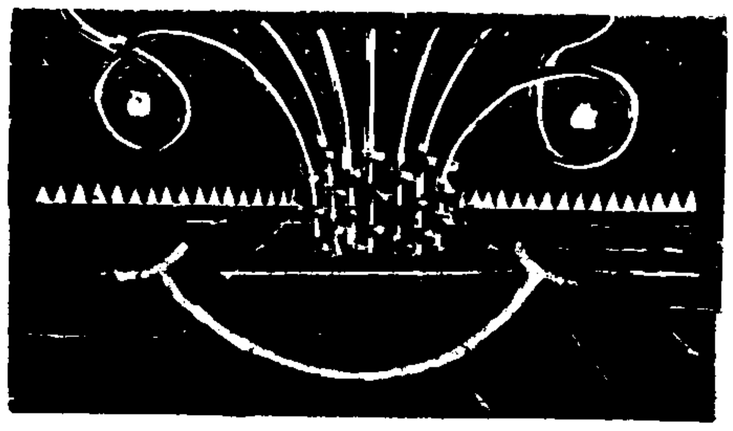
Mrs Chatterjee: And you can shut up too, you jumped up old fart.

While Mr Jobsworth proceeded to examine the judge's wig for traces of cocaine, the jury retired for several hours to decide that they couldn't decide, by 6 votes to 6, which of the two parties was the more unpleasant.



"Rightly or wrongly, I felt that merely abandoning the outmoded judicial headgear was not enough..."

DIARY



CAMILLE PAGLIA

What d'you mean, who's *she*? Okay. Okay. It might not be what you said, but it was what you were thinking, right? *Right?* Who's she, my ass. Who's she my fucking ass. She's only CAMILLE PAGLIA, the world-class intellectual, internationally renowned — and also in Japan — for her supreme skills as a thinker, researcher and writer, the woman who's brought a new level of dignity to the world of American scholarship, so stuff you if you don't know who I am, fuckass. B-i-i-i-g *deal!* And what the fuck do you know about dignity, anyways, twitface? You wouldn't know culture if it came up and cut your balls off, slutass.

My huge, brilliantly intelligent, world-famous *magnus opus* and great work, *Sexual Personae* — buy it, *pigface* — turned me into a timeless, almost Apollonian world figure, almost as big as, like, Keith Richards. Of course, the wimps and sluts and castratoes and fatsoes on the pathetically mediocre Ivy League campuses just didn't, like comprehend my intellect, they're so bound up with their own screwy little worlds, but I find that the blacks and the hispanics I meet in the laundrettes and discos downtown, the crack-dealers on the streets and the Puerto Rican prostitutes in the gutters, the *real* people I mix with, not the prissy little ass-kissing eunuchs in Harvard and Yale, have no problem relating to my revolutionary ideas on the nature of Sophoclean tragedy, none at all. *Whoooo!* You can feel that intellectual *energy* rise up in you when your body's close to a big black guy, real sweaty, and you're swapping notes on Nietzsche, know what I mean? Oh my *Gaaaad!* Even flicking through Walter Pater's got nothing on *that!*

My lasting achievement as a cultural critic and — *face it, fatface* — genius has been to place the American popular culture of today in its proper 10,000-year context, linking the artistic icons of the moment with the geniuses of the past. I was, like, the very first critic to notice the similarity of spiritual conflict and thwarted artistic ambition between Caravaggio and Yogi Bear, for instance, and my pioneering recognition of the cross-fertilisation between the tangential uncertainties of Brahms' 1st Symphony (1876) and the chorus of David Cassidy's revoltingly underrated "How Can I Be Sure?" (1972) has drawn me many, many plaudits from the one living scholar and thinker who really matters, Professor Paglia of the University of Arts, Table Tennis and Kitchen Science in Philadelphia, USA.

You know what? I owe one helluva lot to Ludwig van Wittgenstein — and vice-versa. Like me, he was no schmuck, and I can relate to that, but, like, I kind of think he never really knew the meaning of the word *booooogie*, you know what I mean? Like, he wasn't *h-i-i-p.* Gaaaad! — I bet he probably couldn't name more than three hit records by Madonna!!! And, like, what did the Tractatus Schmactatus ever tell us about *Star Trek*? Get down and get with it, Ludwig! But like Canaletto, Joan Collins and Shakespeare — another three great influences on my imagination — he will always be remembered as a major force in my intellectual development. But you know who I really hate? You know who I really, really hate and *detest*? Bertrand Russell! Don't mention that man's name to me! I said, *don't mention it!* Talk about Wimpsville! Some philosopher he turned out to be! When did he ever get a full colour photograph of himself dressed up in full leather gear with his cleavage bursting out onto page 27 of *Vanity Fair*? Never! Well, stuff you, Bertrand — Paglia has! Philosopher? Puh-*leez!* That guy's no philosopher! No *w-a-a-a-y!* He couldn't philosoph half as well as what I can!

Let's get a coupla things clear, okay? I said, *okay??* Much as I respect the sincerely held beliefs of the feminist lobby — fat sluts and skinny neuros — I will not, repeat *NOT* allow them to simplistically caricature my beliefs in a personal vendetta to further their own disgusting blathering dykey opportunistic hangdog dowdie ends.

Contrary to the lies and distortions put out by my enemies, I am not an anti-feminist, in fact I'm the greatest feminist of them all, I'm a pioneering feminist, a fully-fledged feminist, a feminist beacon to all future generations, dammit. In fact, I'm *soooo* feminist that I hate women to pieces and I think the whole history of Western civilisation from Socrates to Bon Jovi proves that men are one helluva lot better at everything except for maybe, like, some specialised areas of macrame. Which is not to say that I'm a woman. I'm not. I see myself as more a one-off, a feminine man in a woman's body with a woman's masculinity, a man's brain and a woman's desire for peace and stability, got it, fat-face?

And guess what. Yep. They've caricatured my position on rape, totally caricatured it, totally, totally but *TOTALLY.* Totally. I never said anything about rape being fun, I never said date-rape's no crime. No w-a-a-a-y did I say those terrible things. What I actually said about it was "wild, infectious delirium of gang rape" (*Newsday*, 1991) and "We cannot legislate what happens on a date. Sex is a dangerous sport" (CNN, 1991) which is totally, totally but *TOTALLY* not the same, and to say different is personally insulting to me as a scholar, a thinker, a philosopher and a writer of world renown so I wish those neurotic crybabies and titless crapartists would, like, just go fuck themselves, that's what I say!

Let's talk about me for once. I feel I have to, you know, because as far as I can tell no one in the whole civilised world is talking of anything else. I even heard that Barbra Streisand mentioned my name to Nick Nolte the other day, God's truth, and Andy Williams is a b-i-i-i-g fan too, and so's Whitney Houston, or so I'm told. And Perry Como was knocked out by what I wrote about John Jack Rousseau, who, let me tell you, was the real precursor of Acid House, along with Byron, of course, whose influence can also be appreciated on a broader scale in the early episodes of *Knott's Landing.* Lacan, Derrida, who needs them? Fuck off, Foucault, that's what I say! *Whoooo! Woweee! Ramadamadingdong!* PAGLIA's here, and she's gonna turn America into a truly cultured, intellectual and, like, *civilised* nation, with or without your fucking help, asshole!

Just Fancy That
The A40

New Government Transport Policy?

Literary Review

Vacuum gleaner

An Autobiography: Part One: From Congregations to Audiences

David Frost

(HarperCollins, £20)

DAVID FROST, said Kitty Muggeridge brilliantly, is the man who rose without a trace. Frost's autobiography aims to prove her wrong. More than 500 pages thick, it tracks every detail of his rise up to the year 1970. Pitifully, all it demonstrates is how right she was.

It seems hardly possible that even a ghosted autobiography of this size could offer no insight whatsoever into its author. Always, willy nilly, some personal touch or stylistic slip reveals the character of the writer beneath the platitudes. But not here. It's null; it's a void.

Frost may always have seemed rather a hollow man, but this book confirms that it's worse than that: he is not just empty, he is a vacuum. There isn't a human being there at all. David Frost is a one-man *Stepford Wives*.

The format of this autobiography suggests that he may even suspect as much himself. Its dogged setting down, plink plonk plunk, of every stage of his career is prompted by something more than the realisation which sooner or later afflicts everybody who works in television — that even the greatest success in this medium is ephemeral. Nabokov mockingly called the first version of his memoirs *Conclusive Evidence* — evidence, that is, that he had existed. Frost is genuinely in search of such evidence.

He obviously feels he exists only when he is being broadcast. This must be why most of his autobiography consists of transcripts of long forgotten programmes, even when they consist of material he didn't write and interviews in which he only asked the questions. Equally numbing extracts from his more favourable newspaper cuttings about these programmes are used to join up these fat slabs of tedium. It's Frost's attempt to prove that he wasn't just a bad dream. In hell, the only reading matter allowed is showbiz memoirs like this.

So how did David Frost attain the disastrous success that has been his career?

Strangely, for those who know him now as the archetypal celebrity lickspittle, he began as a satirist. Born in 1939, the son of a Methodist minister, Frost went to Gillingham and Wellingborough grammar schools and then to Cambridge, and immediately began the career of push and shove that has continued to this day.

He is sadly typical of a generation of Butler education act grammar school boys who began as radicals but then joined with the establishment as fast as they could, becoming more deferential than any insider. He defends the class system ("something of an emotional safety net"), boasts that Harold Wilson came to a champagne breakfast he gave at the Connaught in 1966, and announces on the sleeve that he is married to "the former Lady Carina Fitzalan Howard". This leading light of *That Was The Week That Was* now feels honoured to peer *Through the Keyhole*.

Frost himself doesn't have a clue what it was all about: all those programmes, all that frantic transatlantic commuting, the founding of LWT. In his preface, he says peculiarly: "While this book is indeed, as its title indicates, the first part of my autobiography, it is also an autobiography of the sixties. I hope, therefore, that I have managed to go easy on the extraneous personal details, and where there was a choice between a sixties anecdote and a personal anecdote with equal claims to inclusion, I have always tried to choose the former." Autobiography of the sixties! Extraneous personal details! Frost obviously hopes that if he's not a person, at least he's an era.

Accordingly, he tries to offer some thoughts on the decade. "Were the sixties vital and dynamic, or flawed and phoney? Real and progressive, or superficial and self-destructive? Answer: all of the above." Well, thanks David.

Frost stands for nothing but his own celebrity. He is the perfect television man. One of the best remarks in the book comes from the former leader of the Hitler Youth, Baldur von Schirach, whom Frost once interviewed. Von Schirach told Frost: "At the age of 23, you did your first programme on television. At the age of 23, I was made head of the Hitler Youth. So you see, Mr Frost, we have a great deal in common...". Quite so.

In search of his missing soul, Frost makes some ludicrous claims that his revolting career has somehow been a perfect fulfilment of his father's Methodism. "My belief in the intelligence and integrity of members of the public, and their ability to make up their own minds when their democracy supplied them with the necessary raw materials, sprang directly from the attitude of the religious figure I knew best, my father. His appreciation of the value of each individual life and its propensity for good, and his total lack of condescension or pretension made a subliminal impression and set an indelible example that was every bit as valuable in the studio as it would have been in a pulpit." Oh yeah? Join us as we go *throoough the keyhole*! Amen.

One unfortunate side effect of printing transcripts of so many interviews is that it reveals how mechanically repetitive is his questioning. Frost obsessively asks all his interviewees, from Moshe Dayan to Noel Coward: "How would you like to be remembered by future generations?".

There's no point in asking him this. He won't be remembered at all — unless it's as an explanatory footnote to Kitty Muggeridge's bon mot.

Books & Bookmen

□ WRITERS shortlisted for this year's Booker prize may be interested to hear of the fate of 89 women who worked for one of Booker's subsidiaries.

They were all summarily sacked last November from their jobs as mushroom pickers at Booker's Middlebrook Mushrooms operation near Selby, north Yorkshire, because they refused to work "voluntary" overtime in a dispute over changes to contracts and a 17 percent pay cut.

The women earned £93 for a basic 25-hour week, before tax, and have spent the past nine months on the picket line and the dole. Such sordid facts are unlikely to surface at the glittering awards ceremony. Will any author increase his or her street credibility by making an impromptu speech on how the other half lives? Don't hold your breath.

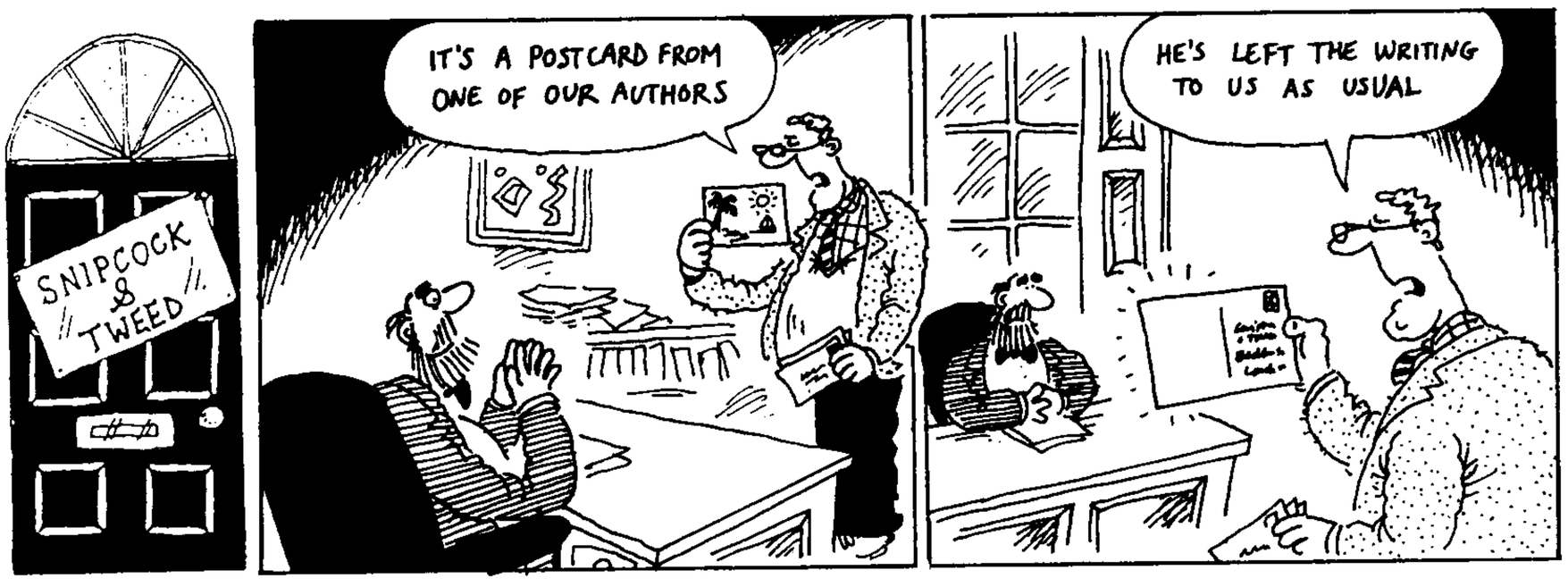
■ THAT famous Confucian sage Lord Rees-Mogg devoted his *Times* column on 2 August to the inscrutable subject of China.

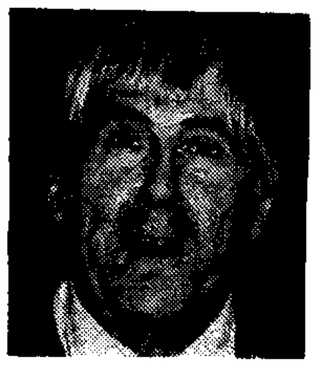
"In Chinese history," Mogg informed his readers, "the authority of an office lay not only in the holder, but in his official seals. In 1923 the Christian warlord Feng Yuxiang, the general famous for baptising his troops en masse with a fire hose, chased President Li out of Peking. President Li left the seals of office hidden with one of his concubines, because he knew that no one could take over the presidency unless they possessed the seals."

This must have been of particular interest to Jung Chang, who a couple of years ago wrote a widely-praised book about modern China, *Wild Swans*. On page 34 of *Wild Swans* she wrote of "a general called Feng Yuxiang, a Christian Warlord, who entered legend by baptising his troops en masse with a fire hose"; she also noted that "the authority of an office lay not only in its holder but in the official seals", and that "President Li left the seals with one of his concubines" because he knew "that no one could take over the presidency without them".

Are Jung Chang and Lord Rees-Mogg by any chance related?

'Bookworm'





footnotes

Kock and Bull

AN INTRIGUING link can be revealed between Stephanus Adolphus Kock, who played such a mysterious role in the Iraqgate affair, and a firm of top solicitors with very close links to Conservative party funds.

Mr Kock, who has a conviction for shooting his pistol over the heads of some people who were blocking the road near his Scottish home, was a director of Astra, a company which was shipping arms to Iraq and Iran during the British embargo on arms to both countries.

In early 1990, as the Gulf war loomed, there was a savage boardroom row at Astra. The only director to survive the coup was the man who organised it, one S.A. Kock.

Other directors were appointed. In December 1990 Kock was called on by the board to explain why, without the knowledge of the previous board, he had spent the firm's money on legal fees to Trowers & Hamlins, a 30-partner Lincolns Inn-based solicitors' firm with powerful connections and offices in the Gulf.

According to Astra minutes disclosed to the *Eye*, Kock explained that he had been seeking "independent advice during the period of boardroom battles".

The senior partner of Trowers & Hamlins is Mr Donald Whittaker Jones. The senior consultant is Anthony Gosselin Trower.

Mr Jones and Mr Trower are both on the board of Bourne Association Ltd, which was founded in 1949 by Mr Trower's father, the late Sir William Trower. Bourne is one of the "river companies" whose main purpose is to funnel secret donations into the Tory party.

Also on the board of Bourne over the last decade have sat Lord McAlpine, Major General Wyldbore-Smith, Robin Holland-Martin, and Lord Boardman, all treasurers of the Tory party.

One client whom Trowers and Hamlins acquired through Mr Kock was Christopher Gumbley, when he was managing director of Astra.

On 15 March, on Trowers and Hamlin's advice, Gumbley resigned from the Astra board.

On 22 March, Gumbley went to Brussels to see Gerald Bull, designer of the superguns which were being built in Britain for illegal export to Iraq. Bull told him he and Astra were being "set up" by the British government.

An hour after Gumbley left, Bull was shot dead. No one has been arrested or charged with his murder.

Gumbley was arrested — and later convicted of buying a car for a Ministry of Defence official. He spent four and a half months in prison.

THE THINGS THEY SAY

"Being accessible goes with the parliamentary job, and being constantly on the move (my constituency is a 3½-hour drive away) mustn't prevent me being reached."

Rupert Allason, Tory MP for Torbay, who was so mysteriously inaccessible after abstaining in the Maastricht vote. Daily Telegraph, Nov 24 1992

LEG IRONS: Peter Bagshaw, home from hospital, 1981, and his mum.

GILLTY MEN

EXCAVATOR driver Peter Bagshaw was demolishing railway arches in Leeds when a huge steel frame toppled over, broke through his windscreen and smashed on to his right leg. Mr Bagshaw was pinned to his seat in agony while his workmate, George Hawcroft, defying the danger of the frame falling again, cut him loose.

A month later, while he was lying in his hospital bed, Peter's mates brought him some grim news. A railway arch on the same job had collapsed on another excavator, instantly killing the driver — George Hawcroft, Peter's saviour the month before.

This all happened 12 years ago, in March and April 1981. A few weeks after Peter's accident, a man came to his hospital bedside and offered him £8,000 in cash if he took the case no further. He refused. Three years later he got his next offer — from the Builders Accident Insurance Company — of £15,000. In 1985, the offer went to its "maximum" — £20,000.

The insurers claimed from the start that the accident was all Peter's fault. One set of lawyers said he had been "foolhardy". He refused to accept this. Twice, he insisted, he had stopped work to urge the foreman to dismantle the steel frame and lower it to the ground. Twice the foreman sent him back. "There's no time for any of that," he was ordered. "Smash the frame down." As Peter had predicted, the order had appalling consequences.

Peter's lawyers searched in vain for experts to support his story. At last, in 1988, seven years after the injury, a report from Mr G.T. Glenn, of the Leeds consulting engineers R. Beauchamp, rejected every one of the charges against Peter and blamed the negligence solely on Brian Gill (Excavations), the company for whom Mr Bagshaw was working.

Finally, just six months ago when a date for trial was set down, the insurers admitted full liability.

Since the accident, after which he spent a year on crutches, Peter has had three operations. Lame, and suffering from post-traumatic stress, he has not been able to work and has scraped a living on benefit.

The compensation offered is now in six figures, but is still far below what Peter's lawyers and doctors recommend. He has been told that if he doesn't settle out of court he could be forced to pay his legal costs and lose everything.

Meanwhile, what happened about George Hawcroft? Brian Gill (Excavations) was convicted of not ensuring a safe environment at work and was fined £100. Managing director Brian Gill told *Private Eye*: "We have an excellent record on safety."

George Hawcroft's family was compensated in 1985. The Builders Accident Insurance Company will not say how much it paid out, but the annual sum is believed to be not a million pounds more than £4,000 — the same sum the insurance company paid last year to the Conservative party.

PS: The company lost £6.7 million last year. The chief reason, said its chairman, was "too many claims arising from unsafe places of work, bad working practices and inadequate supervision".

WHAT A BISH

■ THERE have been few more forthright contributors to the *Independent on Sunday*'s "My Greatest Mistake" column than bearded free enterprise idealist Stuart Bishell.

Bishell was one of the lucky three who were handed the government's privatised training centres in 1990, along with £11 million of good taxpayers' money, and told to go out on their own and make a profit.

Bishell was delighted. He and his two mates formed a new company which they called Astra (no connection to the arms company mentioned on this page, though its fate was roughly similar). The directors happily doubled their salary. But their pleasure wasn't just about money. There was also the sheer joy of being free.

"My greatest mistake," wrote Mr Bishell in the *Independent on Sunday* on 11 April this year, "was to believe that an enterprise — any enterprise — could be run efficiently and economically in the public sector. . . I am now free. It is wonderful."

Three months later, Astra went into receivership.

FIGHTING OVER THE BODY

Roddicks v. Channel Four

THE CASE of Roddick v Channel Four Television brought back glorious memories of the grand old days of the libel bar.

Here was a top business celebrity of the 1980s, Anita Roddick, her husband Gordon and the Body Shop, seeking to salvage their reputations against investigative journalists who had criticised them on Channel Four's *Despatches*.

The case ran for six weeks at the standard democratic rate of about £5,000 an hour (approx £1m total).

The basic case for the Roddicks was set out by Mr Charles Gray QC in his opening speech to the jury on 24 June:

- That the programme suggested that the Body Shop had lied in its claims about its products and animal testing.
- That the programme-makers had been "malicious": that they had set out to attack the Body Shop without being objective or fair.
- That they had alleged that the Body Shop had deceived the public in its claims about ploughing back profits from its soap factory in Easterhouse, Glasgow.

Channel Four pleaded justification and fair comment.

Fulcrum, the programme makers, had a hard time on the issue of malice. Their letter to Channel Four outlining the planned programme was very different in tone and style to their letter to the Roddicks asking for an interview. Many issues raised in the programme were not put to Anita Roddick when she was interviewed.

On the Easterhouse project, the programme-makers were also in trouble. The figure they had broadcast for the money paid out to the community by the Body Shop was understated by £17,000.

The bulk of the case revolved around the allegation that the Body Shop has been hypocritical in its claims about animal testing.

Why not cut off tests?

All sellers of cosmetics recognise that many ingredients of their products have been tested on animals. European laws insist on such tests. Most people in the industry agree that these tests should be kept to the minimum, since they involve cruel treatment of animals. Two approaches have been developed by cosmetics companies for this purpose.

- The "cut-off". Some companies refuse to buy ingredients tested after a certain date. This acts as a clear warning to suppliers that any products with newly-tested ingredients will not be sold.
- The "five-year rolling rule". Other companies refuse to buy ingredients tested on animals in the previous five years. In the Channel Four programme, Professor Michael Balls of Nottingham University claimed the five-year rule is a "sham". It does not stop new testing, he said, and it allows the retailer to sell products tested on animals after what is only a sort period of time. According to an RSPCA list produced in court, 83 firms use the more stringent "cut-off" and 27, including the Body Shop, use the five-year rule.

The Roddicks and Steve McIvor, of the British Union for the Abolition of Vivisection, backed by an expert, Dr Jill Langley, who has a degree in zoology, all argued for the five-year rule. They said it deterred suppliers from testing on animals, and firmly rejected the charge that it allowed firms to pretend they were against animal testing while buying and selling products whose ingredients had been so tested.

For Channel Four, Professor Balls, who sits on several European committees on animal testing, said the rule is "morally and intellectually indefensible".

He denounced some of the Body Shop literature as "appallingly written, dreadfully misleading and I think the people who wrote them have a lot to answer for".

A 1989 discussion paper on this issue, written by top Body Shop scientific officer Dr Aran Puri set out the dangers to the company of the "cut-off" option.

Wrote Dr Puri: "Industry has a tendency when new improved raw materials are offered, to phase out old existing raw materials. This would have an impact on our existing formulations and make it difficult to maintain continuity of supply."

When the Roddicks were asked whether Dr Puri's paper was proof that the real reason for choosing the five-year rule was commercial, they said that these were Dr Puri's views, not those of the company. Dr Puri did not give evidence.

In a Body Shop video played to the court, Anita Roddick sang the praises of Meadowfoam oil: "It was very exciting on the skin, So we played around with it in a soap and we played around with it in a cream, and we did lots of jolly things over in the lab, only to be told after a year of working on it that the Americans had tested it on animals, so that went out of the window for another five, six years. Join me again in six years time and I'll tell you what's happening with it."

Mrs Roddick was asked whether the video suggested that her company used the five-year rule only to delay the sale of animal-tested products. She denied this vigorously, and said Meadowfoam oil was not used in Body Shop products.

Why change the label?

Before 1989, Body Shop claimed all its products were "not tested on animals". In that year the label was changed to read "against animal testing".

Why was the label changed? An internal memo to the Roddicks written on 8 February 1989 by the then Body Shop chief executive John Jackson discussed the possibility of changing the label. He was worried that the slogan NOT TESTED ON ANIMALS, which he preferred, might not be legally acceptable in America because some ingredients had been tested on animals.

The problem with a change, he wrote, was that "the [not tested on animals] claim is a strong emotional marketing claim".

Anita Roddick was asked if the phrase "strong emotional marketing claim" contrasted with her claim that her opposition to animal testing had nothing to do with her marketing policy. She replied that these were John Jackson's views, not those of the company. Mr Jackson did not give evidence.

Who won the test ban?

In 1989, the European commission produced a draft directive insisting on more animal testing for cosmetics. The Cosmetic Toiletry and Perfumery Association, which includes most British cosmetics firms (but not the Body Shop) lobbied against this regulation. On 19 February 1990, national representatives of all the member states of the European community met in Brussels and voted against the draft, which was withdrawn to take account of the objections on animal testing.

The day after the decision, the Body Shop launched a powerful campaign to withdraw the withdrawn directive: 2.6 million people signed petitions in the Body Shops denouncing it. On 10 May 1990 Body Shop issued a triumphant leaflet entitled "We've won". The entire credit for the removal of the directive was claimed by the Body Shop.

Anita Roddick told the court she did not know of the EC's decision on 19 February, and that if she had known she would still have launched her campaign, since there was no guarantee that the EC's decision would be followed through.

How many ingredients tested?

The programme-makers had asked the Body Shop this question. The reply, in a fax on 19 May 1992 from communications director Jilly Forster, was that 86.7 per cent of all ingredients had not been tested by their suppliers. This was reported in the programme. Yet a memo written on the very same day by Rita Godfrey, monitoring officer of the Body Shop, stated that 53.5 per cent of ingredients were not tested. No one at the Body Shop could explain the huge gap between these figures.

The jury were out all day 29 July. At 11am on 30 July they asked the judge if they could come to a majority verdict. The judge told them he would accept 10-2. Four hours later still, at 3.10, the jury came back with a 10-2 verdict. They found for Anita and Gordon Roddick, and awarded them £1,000 damages each; and for the Body Shop, who also got £1,000. Then they awarded £273,000 for loss of profits.

Channel Four is still pondering an appeal on the grounds that the verdict — with its low damages for reputation and its high award for loss of profits — was perverse.

Triumphant: Anita and Gordon

You can write to Paul Foot at 6 Carlisle Street, London W1V 5RG, or leave a message for him on 071 287 3183

In the City

THE *Mail on Sunday*'s absurd "Asil for President" revelation is seen as more likely to increase pressure on the fugitive Turkish Delight to leave his Northern Cyprus haven than to consolidate his safety there.

Amazed Turkish Cypriot readers of this "world exclusive", including the not amused longtime incumbent, one Rauf Denktash, immediately assumed, rightly, that this nonsense had been fabricated by Nadir himself and his PR mouthpieces in a bid to boost fading credibility. Still no Tory Watergate!

Nadir himself immediately rushed to deny the story as false, as well he might: without Denktash and with an unpredictable election due before the end of the year he needs friends in high places.

What the *Mail* either ignored or did not know was that the "President Nadir" story had been reported in two books published before Nadir jumped bail. Furthermore, Nadir himself, at his press conference after arriving in Cyprus, revealed that it was his rejection of this claimed 1989 American proposal (designed to aid a settlement of the Cyprus issue) which caused the US to join the MI6/Greek plot to destroy Polly Peck the following year. Why, therefore — as gullible *Mail* man Chester Stern would have us believe — the Americans should revive the plan now that Nadir is a fugitive, and why Turkey should support it when the Ankara government continues to bar Nadir from travelling there, is far from clear.

The reality is that Nadir is under growing pressure behind the scenes to leave Cyprus and save the Turkish Cypriot government from embarrassment and economic reprisals. With the election looming none of the main political players dare openly tell Nadir to leave, especially with his newspaper *Kibris*, the biggest selling paper, alternately branding Asil's enemies as "traitors" or exposing their supposed crimes. But Denktash is increasingly distancing himself, and even Nadir's closest supporter and Denktash rival, Prime Minister Dervis Eroglu, is said to be cooling.

Proof of that is expected to come shortly if finance minister Salih Coshar implements his threat to take control of the Sunzest citrus operation and the Jasmine Court and Palm Beach hotels to recover the more than £3 million owed in tax and social security payments. He recently rejected a Nadir proposal to delay any action until next month and then to pay by instalments.

Coshar is said to be pressing either to take Sunzest in settlement of the total debt and/or take control of the hotels and their income. Taking over the hotels would shut off Nadir's suspected only stream of cash. Either move would signal a further decline in Nadir's influence.

What Denktash, Eroglu and Co would like Nadir to do would be to disappear into the former Soviet Central Asian republics in pursuit of his aim of recreating Polly Peck there. Nadir talks excitedly of ruby and gold mines and oil wells being used to repay the 20,000 Polly Peck shareholders who lost everything. Alas, this pipedream requires backing from international banks and they are showing little enthusiasm to give money to a man who created a £1 billion black hole.

● After a prosecution which has not exactly covered itself in glory, it is perhaps not surprising the Serious Farce Office is making a change in control of the Nadir case. Lorna Harris is expected to depart shortly on secondment to help the banks fight fraud. That explains why she was accompanied on the recent trip to Northern Cyprus by Robert Wardle who, unlike Harris, is not only an SFO assistant director, but also highly regarded.

THE *Sunset Times* is a keen commentator on the legitimate tax avoidance devices employed by the rich, the would-be rich and John Birt. One small private company it is unlikely to investigate, however, is Glenburn Enterprises, whose principal activity is that of "press and media agents". For the sole director and 50 percent shareholder of Glenburn is none other than one Andrew Neill. The other shareholder is "Brillo" brother Jim.

The year to last December saw no recession at the two-year-old Glenburn. Turnover (fees) nearly doubled to £177,000, while pre-tax profits almost trebled to £101,000. However, no dividend was paid in order to conserve "liquid resources". But this did not prevent the company paying £30,000 for a new car! Not surprising as it had £150,000 in cash assets.

Glenburn would seem not only to own Neill's Chelsea flat — mortgage from the Royal Bank of Scotland £275,000 — but also pays him rent for use of an apartment in New York.

As "Brillo" is doubtless a full-time and highly PAYE-paid editor of the *Sunday Times*, Glenburn must merely reflect his burgeoning radio and TV freelance activities where the impact of income tax can be legally mitigated by having fees paid into a service company rather than received directly. Tax can also be further reduced/deferred by taking only a minimal salary as a director. Glenburn pays no Birtian salaries or pension contributions so there is absolutely no need for any Birt-style criticism of Neill's arrangements by envious hacks.

ONE OF THE strongest reasons for not believing the regular statements by the alleged regulators of the "scam capital of the world", otherwise known as the Vancouver stock exchange, that they are cleaning up the longest running con act in stock market history is their refusal to ban recidivist promoters who time and time again are allowed to separate gullible investors from their money.

A good example is VSE veteran Adolf Lundin, the Swiss-based promoter of numerous oil, gas, gold, frankincense and myrrh hopefuls (three current VSE entries) which somehow always fail to realise Lundin's promises while leaving the Swede richer and others poorer. Remember Lovat Oil & Gas?

After several years of a well earned low profile, following the thinning of innumerable British and European wallets, Lundin is once again on the move pushing an old favourite International Petroleum and a revamped failure International Musto Explorations.

International Petroleum recently acquired a small British onshore oilfield from British Petroleum on the back of a loan from Barclays and an C$8 million share placing. International Petroleum (chairman: A. Lundin who owns 12 percent) has not made a profit in the past five years, despite searching for oil all over the world. Nine years ago the shares were almost C$20. Three years ago they hit a low of C$1.60. Last year they were as high as C$7.25. In Toronto — Lundin has also infiltrated this supposedly better regulated exchange — they are now back to C$2. A familiar Lundin pattern.

As Musto Explorations, International Musto (president: son Lukas Lundin; 39 percent shareholder: father Adolf) hit almost C$42 in 1985. The shares had all but disappeared at C$20 three years ago. Then Lundin revealed a possible copper mine in Argentina and began placing stock — C$9 million worth since last September — while moving the listing to Toronto. The shares have since been over C$6 and are now around C$5.50. Whether Argentina can make money for other shareholders remains to be seen.

The majority of the International Musto placing has been done by Toronto brokers McLean McCarthy, part of Deutsche Bank. Yet there was considerable resistance from its London office to involvement with Lundin, according to an interesting document sent to the *Eye*. Several institutional fund managers - including Warburgs, TSB and Mercury - gave a poor to bad reference to Lundin based on previous expensive experience. The best response was "an honest promoter of worthless stocks"! Less flattering was: "Lundin is suave, persuasive and deadly to his shareholders".

McLean McCarthy's London salesman Bob Jackson reported in a memo to Toronto that "resistance to the Lundin involvement... is unprecedented". He talked of "serious suspicions" and "deep concerns" about Lundin. Despite his warning "against tainting ourselves", McLean McCarthy went ahead with the placing. Jackson left. It remains to be seen who was right. History is on Jackson's side.

'Slicker'

PEOPLE SAY WE DON'T HAVE A POLICY ON BOSNIA!
THAT'S NOT TRUE!
BOSNIA HERZEGOVIA
OUR POLICY IS TO WRING OUR HANDS TO THE VERY LAST BOSNIAN... MUSLIM... CROAT...

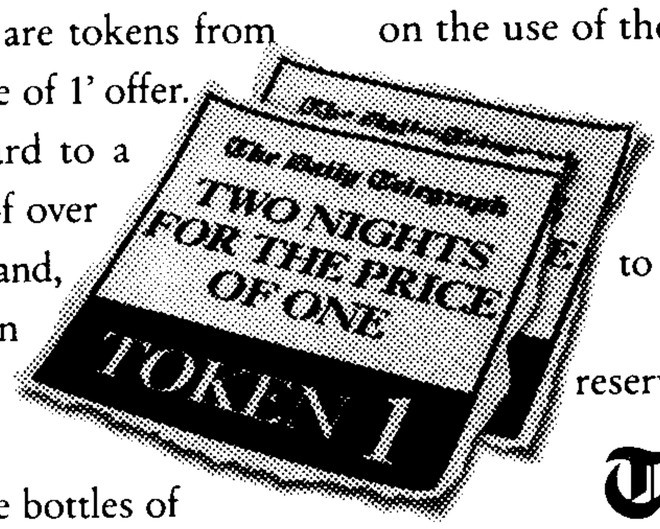
Most hotels accept plastic. Here you can pay with bits of old newspaper.

Most hoteliers would probably get a little hot under the collar if you attempted to pay your bill with bits of old newspaper.

But not if those scraps of newsprint are tokens from The Daily Telegraph's '2 nights for the price of 1' offer.

Collect 10 and you can look forward to a relaxing half price weekend away, in one of over 450 carefully selected hotels in England, Scotland, Wales and Ireland. Collect 20 and you can take a second break.

Many of the hotels are offering further inducements, such as half-price dinner, free bottles of wine, newspapers and chocolates. Those who really want to get away from it all should stay at the hotel offering a 50% discount on the use of their flotation tank.



Vouchers will be appearing from Saturday August 14 through to September 6.

You'll find hoteliers will only be too happy to accept them as currency.

Before you reserve a room, make sure you reserve your copy of The Daily Telegraph.

The Daily Telegraph

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING RATES (INCLUDING 17½% VAT)

Regular style £1.40 a word.
Centred semi-displayed advertisements £3.00 a word.
Box numbers £7.50 each
(including forwarding of replies).

Send your advertisements with your name, address, telephone number and cheque or postal order (payable to **PRESSDRAM LTD** - no cash please) to PRIVATE EYE SMALLS, 6 Carlisle Street, London W1V 5RG. Also use this address to reply to box numbers. ACCESS, VISA or SWITCH cardholders may dictate advertisements on 071 734 6887 (24hrs) or Fax details on 071 437 0705. Submit advertisements to arrive at least 10 days before issue date. We regret there may be a delay before publication of EYE LOVE advertisements due to demand.

Send your advertisements to reach us by Tuesday 17th August for inclusion in the next issue.

Quote of the week:

'In 1947, the Warner Brothers studio tried to sue the Marx Brothers for using the word "Casablanca" in the title of their film "A Night in Casablanca". The Marxes responded by threatening to sue Warner for using the word "Brothers" in their name.'

J. GILBERT in a letter to the Independent

GX20-0406-%:

XC	1734(228,R12),2517(R12)
STD	R13,1253(R3,R14)
STH	R14,1764(R8,R13)
A	R4,1689(R13,R8)
OI	1629(R9),132

HILL SAMUELS Bank, Bournemouth: any other solicitors involved in litigation against same, write: Box 0226.

ROBERTO PONDAROSA '1469' Lo.ty =Twnsnd =6+h=5 =6C5L =1C5L =tn/ 6=tn/ 5=tn,/ Rpt(trp).Iny(nyl) =tn – '1469'+10 ='1479': 264swjn to10(-1).

CARIBBEAN EUROPEAN DIVORCEE
Opening Lines 4th June.
Please leave telephone number for similar Caribbean based man.
Box 7926.

SPEECHWRITING: Individually customised professional service. Corporate, social, political. Speedy and confidential. Make 'em laugh or no fee! Call the expert — MITCH MURRAY, 0624-622660. Access/Visa.

BAGPIPER SEEKS blonde customs officer (black Peugeot, Southampton, 19/07/93). All forgiven. Please contact. Photo. Box 0126.

GGWWF.

T-SHIRTS SCREENPRINTED: any slogan any numbers (black Harley Davidson, £7). 0736 66248.

FOR THE MILDLY individualistic, premium quality T-shirts which depict dope designs, but with subtlety, so that disdain is avoided and arrest delayed. "Cannes... à bis", "Mari JUANA lifebelt", "Mad Hashman scores". Illustrated designs printed in 6 brilliant colours on 100% combed cotton heavier-weight shirts. White, short-sleeve XL. (See pics in current "Vox" magazine ad.) £19.95 ea + £0.95 P&P to: DOGDOODESIJN, PO Box 122, Kidderminster, Worcs DY11 6YZ. Cheques/POs/Sterling IMOs made payable to "Burns Typography".

GET BEHIND BARS! "Prisoner" T-shirts and sweatshirts. Excellent logo. "Top Dog" on sleeve or "He used to give me roses" on back. £7.99, £15.50 inc. P&P. POPPYPRINTS 0473-214977.

ZIPPO FOOTBALL lighters, Premier League teams, brush chrome with team name, nickname, football, and colours, £19.99, postage £1.50. "THAT'S IT", 108 Devonshire Street, Sheffield, S1 4BY (0742 753331). Other unusual gifts (SAE).

JUGGLING EQUIPMENT, unicycles, boomerangs, etc. Juggling clubs from £6, boomerangs from £3.50. Send A4 SAE for free catalogue to: JAC's JUGGLING CO., Unit 5C, Seedbed Centre, Southend, SS3 9QX or phone 0702 293070.

SQUIDGY WOULDN'T like it! "Bearcat", the ultimate scanning radio — call for information pack — Tel 0555 751707, Fax 0555 751666.

SPEED TRAPS! Stay one jump ahead — Detectors available. Tel 0555 751707, Fax 0555 751666.

HANDMADE "LURKERS" — the quality new wooden game for anyone who enjoys "plucking" and "prodding". SAE for description and rules. Box 0326.

BLONDE JOKES! Over 130. Cheques: T. HEE, £2.00 — 10 Crescent Gardens, Bath, BA1 2NA.

IMPRESSIVE CERTIFICATES — made to order. SAE to P.L. QUINN, 54 Murat Street, Waterloo, Liverpool L22 8QW.

AFTER 45 YEARS of reading newspapers I now have to re-publish the ultimate page headline. Stuff a £1 coin into a SAE (to cover costs) and a photo copy will wing its way to you. Bog, bar or den. The talking point of next millennium. THE ARCHIVIST, PO Box 4, North Shields, Tyne and Wear NE30 2YZ.

RICK'S CARICATURES from photos. Samples and prices, 081-441 6607.

"SIMPLE MAN'S Guide to the Maastricht Treaty". Humorous spoof document explains all. Frame it. Go on, ratify yourself. £2.90. COUNTRY ENTERPRISES, The Stable, rear of Warden Road, Minehead, Somerset.

CUSTOM ANSA-MACHINE messages, with characters, music and sound effects. Demo available, including 4 useable messages — £5. ENTERTAINMENT AND MEDIA, 7 The Orchard Centre, Hessle Square, Hull, HU13 0LB.

£18 — CARICATURES from photographs. 0548 810468.

DESIGNER-TYPE watches — be like a film-star for as little as £15. Ideal gift. Mail-order trade enquiries welcome. Phone for a catalogue: 0628 784611.

THE FINAL FRONTIER! Wonderful gift for adult or child (supervision recommended for under 14s). MULTIPLE LAUNCH FLYING ROCKETS. Easy build (in minutes) kits, or multi-stage monsters — 6ft high! Super, educational family fun! For parks/countryside. Variable altitude, 250ft-½mile. "America" starter set £23.99. "Combo Supershot" (2 rocket types) starter set £29.99. Rocketry Science kit (includes rocket) £34.99. Postage £2.00. 64-page colour catalogue £1.50. Cheque/PO to: RED PLANET, Antrobus House, 18 College Street, Petersfield, Hants, GU31 4AD. Tel: 0730 233404.

SQUIGGLERS — caricatures from photos. £29.99 inc VAT & P&P for b&w A4 caricature in clipframe. Other options available. 081-449 1368.

PERSONALISED CHAMPAGNE
See EYE DRINK.

50 HILARIOUS/ORIGINAL Answer-machine outgoing message scripts. £5 from CRAZYDUDE, 6 Gloucester Lane, Edinburgh EH3 6ED.

ELECTRONIC TELEPHONE voice changer only £12.99. Cheque/POs — POWER-FULL LTD, PO Box 1, Ashy-De-La-Zouch, Leicestershire LE65. Tel: 0530 412445

A "TITLE" for a tenner? Details to SA-SURVIVAL (P), Gayfield, Arbroath, Scotland DD1 1QJ.

FLYING DUCKS, Cops and Robbers etc, etc. For wall-plaque catalogue, large 28p SAE — INTO DESIGN, 28 Eastern Place, Brighton. (0273-606240) Access/Visa.

SMASH CLAYS in Surrey. Lessons/gift vouchers/corporate entertainment. STANHILL CLAYSPORTS, 0293-821741.

BALLOON SAFARIS around London and South East. Gift vouchers etc. 0784 451007.

BALLOON FLIGHTS. In Britain's Biggest Balloon. W. London/Hants/Berks/Surrey. £95. 081-840 0108.

BIRTHDATE/ANNIVERSARY newspapers — FREEPHONE 0800-906609.

MARVIN HANGLIDER caricaturist and songwriter. 03727 43230.

COMPACT DISC CLOCKS. £11.50. 0322 275755.

NAME A STAR for the one you love. International star registry allocates and registers name of your choice in USA & Switzerland. Fab gift pack includes splendid colour certificate inscribed in calligraphy and star chart pinpointing exact location. £40 inclusive. Access/Visa/Diners/Amex/cheque. Call Freephone 0800 212493 or write ISR, Freepost, 24 Highbury Grove, London N5 2BR.

OLDOWAN TRIBE of Great Britain (the first American Indian "Western" club). All members receive tribal "chief's" certificate. Membership £2.50. Cheques/Postal Orders: OLDOWAN TRIBE, 37 Yarmouth Road, Caister, Great Yarmouth, Norfolk NR30 5DL.

WHY SEND BORING greetings cards? Give "Ten Pints & a Curry Association" membership. Send £1.50 to P. JESSEP, Box 32, 145 Seymour Place, London W1H 5TL for your card, certificate and car display.

TELEFANTASY GROUP forming in St Albans. Who, Trek, B7 etc. Fans (who don't take it too seriously!) interested in pub/cinema trips. Box 8026.

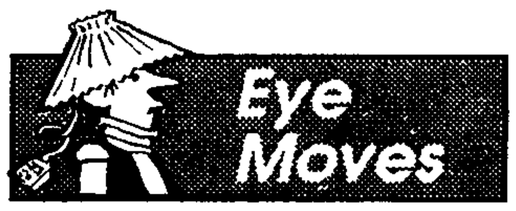
JOIN CINELINK and socialise around films/arts events in Central London. 081 800 4822.

TIRESOME FRIENDS? Enrol them in the JOHN MAJOR APPRECIATION SOCIETY! The ultimate wind-up! £6 payable to "Greytown Enteprises" or SAE details: PO Box 3380, London N10 3DZ.

JOIN THE CLARET CLUB today. Details from THE CLARET CLUB, RG17 0DY (or fax 0488 684919).

GETTING INTO PRINT? Self-publishing? Done it? More than 300 like you have joined the Small Press Group of Britain for mutual self-help. We run a giant fair (on 25 Sept), produce our own Yearbook (listing 4,000 small presses), mail members a Newsletter and quarterly magazine — and run Britain's only Small Press Centre (at Middlesex University). Sounds good? Membership details, YBs, bookings etc., phone 0373 451 777.

BUYING OR SELLING or remortgaging? Be smart, be mean, call CONVEYANCING DIRECT — local call rate — on 0345 826 826 (yes, we're open from 8am to 6pm — geddit, Ed). CONVEYANCING DIRECT is the practising style of SMITH & THOMPSON, specialist conveyancing solicitors.



LIGHT MOVES — anywhere anytime. 071-835 1574.

UK & NATIONWIDE — packing and shipping, small to medium sized consignments. MAIL & PACK, 071 287 3301.

HAMMERSMITH REMOVALS and rubbish clearance. 071-602-3036.

JAMES REMOVALS — household and office. Boxes and storage. 071 431 1713.

STUFF MOVING — London area. 071 352 9380.

IRISH REMOVALS. Owner driver. UK—Ireland weekly. 0232-838111 anytime.

FIESTA VOL. 1, No. 1, pocket edition £15. Early Penthouse/Mayfair 144 issues, £100. (0428) 751660.

EYES 626-825, 12 missing. Offers? Telephone 0392-860378 evenings.

EYES 473-682. Offers. Box 0526.

"PRIVATE EYE" — 1969-1992 missing 438, 683-7, 788, 803. £50 ono. Delivery 50 miles Bath. 0225 810366 (Fax 0225 811573).

GOOD CARS NEEDED most urgently. Unlimited cash available. A very civilised buyer calls. Phone anytime: 081-886 6443.

MOONDOG PRODUCTIONS urgently require feature film scripts/synopses/treatments. 7 St Dominic Road, Colchester, Essex, CO4 4PY.

ROBSON RHODES — information required from ex-employees and clients. Box 0426.

BOOKS, RECORDS, CDs BOUGHT
I collect, cash paid.
RAT BOOKS:
081 471 0020

ADULT VIDEOS wanted: sae Box 0422.

AIR MILES WANTED — will pay! TRACY WORTH, 0532 435765 working hours.

FOR SALE: grand piano, Winklemann 5'6" x 4'10", regularly played, tuned, serviced. £1,400 ono. BEWLEY, 081 769 1703, South London.

REMAINING STOCK of extremely unique furniture (tables of Danish design in dramatic N.Z. timbers) being cleared at below import cost price. First come, first choice of only 10 remaining. Not a shop. Send for info/photo to: B. LARSEN, 30 Victoria Rd, Swindon SN1 3AW, or phone (0793) 541 856.

TABLETOP LECTERNS — lightweight folding, ideal for conferencing, individually hand-crafted in light or dark oak. Send £80 to JTB DEVELOPMENTS, 7 The Ridgeway, Burbage, Hinkley, Leics LE10 2NR.

UNIVERSITY DEGREES by mail — the definitive guide! Free details: U.D.M., 6 Springlawn Drive, Blanchardstown, Dublin 15, Ireland.

CLASSIC MODEL cars — authentic personalised number plates. 0800 906609.

GROW-LIGHTS GROW any plant from seed to maturity indoors or in greenhouse all year round. Free brochure SUNLIGHT SYSTEMS (Dept PE), 3 St Mary's Works, Burnmoor Street, Leicester LE2 7JJ. Tel: 0533 470490/470488.

SPANKING! We're giving the competition one, with these amazing deals: quality CD players from under £70; top-name 35-watt amplifiers only £79.95; £££s off systems and top-brand separates too, plus hundreds more hifi bargains in all our stores. RICHER SOUNDS. Freephone 0500 10 11 12 (24 hours) for your free copy of our fun catalogue/price list.

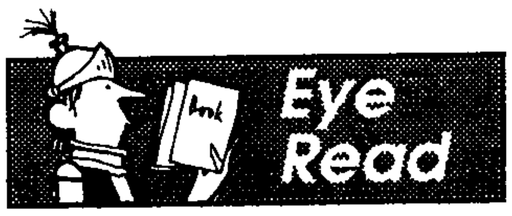
OLD PERSIAN rugs, carpets, runners. Mostly £60-£2,000. Not a shop, just a shed, so telephone first. DESMOND NORTH, The Orchard, East Peckham, Kent. 0622 871 353.

HOUSE SOLD. Car sold. Now it's the pinball machine. 1965 Skyline by Gottlieb of Chicago. V. authentic. Good working order. £400. View Fulham. RUSHTON, 071 437 4017 or 071 736 0179.

DISCREET LISTENING and recording equipment, free catalogue, 021 411 1821.

BODY MIC: Record your meeting conversations, up to three hours discreetly and clearly. 081 968 0227.

TELE RECORDER: Domestic — commercial. Record both way telephone conversation, clearly and discreetly. 081 968 0227.



STARKERS — RADICAL nudist magazine. New summer issue for six first class stamps, subscription — four issues — £5 cash or £6 cheque to: ISLINGTON ARTS, Unit 423, 31 Clerkenwell Close, London EC1R 0AT.

AUTHORS, we'll publish your book. All subjects considered, reprints welcome. JANUS PUBLISHING, Dept 39, Duke House, 37 Duke St, London W1M 5DF.

GIRLS' OWN magazine — for women who prefer women. £2. B.M. PRINCESS (P.E.), London WC1 (full address).

IT'S TIME to give politicians the old heave-ho. A practical guide. £7.99 (includes P&P), payable to PAUL GREENWOOD. Send to: SNAKEBITE, 67 London Road, Tunbridge Wells TN1 1DT.

GOVERNMENT AUCTION News. 071-734 8291/4.

NATURISM 2000 comprehensive handbook £3. NATURIST FOUNDATION (Dept. P), Naturist Headquarters, Orpington BR5 4ET.

FREEDOM OF INFORMATION Handbook, £9.99 including P&P. Send your cheque or postal order to: C.C.L., 344 Kilburn Lane, London W9 3EF. 081 968 0227.

INFORMATION UNLIMITED: Read all about it, Spying, Revenge, Harassment and much more. 081 968 0227.

EROTIC FICTION catalogue, £1.00 to DOMINO BOOKS (PE), PO Box 83, Fishponds, Bristol BS16 2RJ.

THE BEST PLACE TO LEARN a language is in the country where it is spoken. EF INTERNATIONAL LANGUAGE SCHOOLS teach French in Nice, German in Munich, Spanish in Spain, and Italian in Italy. Courses begin every week, all year round. (071) 401 3660 for free brochure.

RUSSIAN STUDY in Moscow, St Petersburg. 081 544 1718.

FLORENCE — Two week Art History courses at the ACCADEMIA BRITANNICA can be combined with courses on Literature, Film, Drawing, Tuscan Cooking and Wine in a variety of permutations... beginning in September. Details from: Ruper Hodson, ACCADEMIA BRITANNICA, Piazza San Francesco di Paola 1, 50124 Firenze, Italy. Telephone (39) 55 229646. Fax (39) 55 223257.

LEARN TO DRIVE courses. HIGHWAY HOLIDAYS. (0492) 531517.

TELEVISION WRITING course emphasising sit-coms and comedy dramas. Residential at STRATFORD-UPON-AVON. Last week October 93. Learn from TV professionals. For brochure ring: 0203 714683. Anytime.

FROM SEPTEMBER everyone can be their own publisher! How? The Small Press Centre's series of 6 evening classes at Middlesex University. From "Producing your own Publication" to "Business and the Small Publisher". Write for Courses Brochure: SPC, Room T202, MU, White Hart Lane, London N17 8HR.

DESPERATELY SEEKING sponsorship! Eminent University Dramatic Society needs finance for major production to go ahead. 081 568 6311.

EX-RCA FILM graduates need £10,000 to complete first feature (70s comedy/drama), already pre-sold to German TV (WDR). Possible return on investment. Gift aid scheme available. Call Carl on: 081 673 9391 or Fax to: 071 589 0178.

TWO LUNATICS — backers sought to send them on tour. 0234 270175.

WANT TO BE IN FILMS? Want to be Bond? Investor/actor required. ½ hr cin/TV film ready. £25,000 secures. Box 11026.

OUCH!
Backers required
for scorching hot
new West End musical.
Realistic profit
expected in six weeks.
Box 13026.

FRUSTRATED WITH my bank. I run a successful, well established Co. on South Coast and use £60,000 working capital. Will pay negotiable % over base. Principals only — cut out the middle men. Box 6826.

EXPERIENCED PROFESSIONAL licencee — 15 years management — wants to purchase pub lease as own business. £35K needed (secured against lease) over 5 years at fair interest. Please help, contact Box 6626.

EXPEDITION URGENTLY needs £2,500 for video equipment to produce travelogue. Sponsors will be acknowledged in all publicity also possibility of using subsequent material for own promotion. More on 081 891 4656 or 064 722 254.

AFRICAN DOCUMENTARY travel for intelligent explorers. London HQ, now set up in Africa. Well outfitted, equipment, office, W-wide marketing. Priority access to superb wilderness concessions. Debt-free. Seeks £25,000 to complete funding. Excellent returns. Write ADVERTISER, Box 785, Harare, Zimbabwe.

£5,000 TO PROMOTE new innovation in U.S.A. All offers considered. Box 0826.

WANTED: FINANCIAL backing for pilot (satirical) magazine. With view to becoming enterprising business. Box 0926.

VENTURE CAPITAL available. Experienced young straightforward successful entrepreneur will consider all interesting propositions. Possible participation if required. Box 6726.

FUNDING NEEDED to mass market new edition of published work. 0444 892813.

HELP! BACKING needed for small publishing venture. Tested ad nauseam, big potential. Call: 0932 860489.

YOUR MIND in sport; dreams; children's drawings; etc. — interpretations and advice offered by qualified psychologist. SAE details Box 7726.

DENTAL TECHNICIAN, C&B, savaged by NHS changes seeks clients. Quality work, reasonable prices. For price list and details, Box 7826.

IMPOTENCE, A MEDICAL problem treated medically. Harley Street Consultant. Call 071 935 8844.

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Made from extracts of
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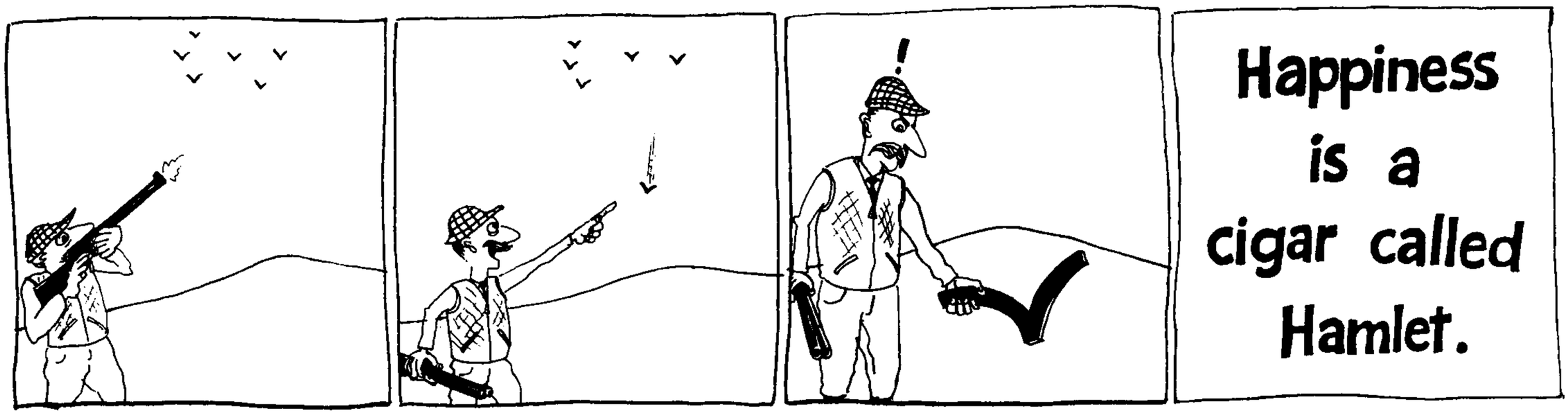
A WONDERFUL weekend of healing, self-hypnosis, qi gong and reflexology taught in glorious setting on Welsh borders, 14/15 August, camping or accom. available. Hearing difficulties catered for. 0544 21646.

JUKEBOX HIRE for parties. Delivered/collected. Choose from 950 hits 1950-1993. Prices from £95, also sales. 081-318 2852.



LAW GRADUATE about to commence LPC seeks training contract with progressive firm for September 1994. Ample legal work experience. London preferred. Box 0626.

COMPOSER/CONDUCTOR, just returned from year in the States, courtesy of Fulbright, available for projects, employment or position. 081-950 2882.

YOUNG HORSE RACING enthusiast seeks exciting new career in the racing game. Box 6526.

CASH OR SPONSOR needed to become commercial helicopter pilot. Please help, my last hope. Box 6926.

BILLY LIAR requires donations to finish novel and run away with Julie Christie. Many thanks. Box 7026.

EX-BOMBER COMMAND observer, 9 Squadron, urgently needs funds. Please help. Box 7126.

CAN'T FUND photo-journalism course. Please expose me to your cash! (0204) 706645.

RADA RECRUIT can't afford to take up place. Please help. 071 274 7354.

UNDERGRADUATE UNDERTAKING a second first degree desperately requires funds to continue course (dentistry). Funded first two years myuself and now denied a grant for clinical years. Urgently need £4,000 for fees. Any amount gratefully received. Please help. Box 1726.

KNACKERED BY Natwest? Buggered by Barclays? Yeah, me too. £3,000 needed to feed the beasts. Remember — donations are never big enough! Box 1826.

FILM DIRECTOR seeks money and producer for debut feature. Box 1926.

TALENTED MUSICIAN needs any old guitars, amps etc. out there. Please help. Box 2026.

PLEASE HELP — student needs £800 for research and travel. Thanks. Box 2126.

RICH LADY benefactor, business partner needed to launch empire. Otherwise donations accepted. Box 2226.

BRISTOL P. GRAD. breaking Bar's Oxbridge cartel needs cash to succeed. Box 2326.

MALE CHRISTIAN graduate, unemployed, seeks donations to avoid home repossession. Box 2426.

UNEMPLOYED philanthropist needs airmiles or donations for voluntary work in rain forests. Box 2626.

FAMILY DESPERATE, depressed, need £2,000. Genuine. Please help. Box 12926.

STRUGGLING AUTHOR (first book half completed) needs £3,000 donation to keep bank off back till book completed. Genuine request — manuscript available for perusal by return of post. Box 7226.

NEEDED URGENTLY, £16,000 as eviction looming after divorce. Donations/ideas to Box 7326.

THEATRE COMPANY needs donations to take brilliant production to Edinburgh Fringe Festival. Please help us win a Fringe First award! Box 1026.

£350 FOR CAMPERVAN. Economics student to teach in E. Europe. Hopeful! Box 1126.

SPONSORSHIP NEEDED by national motor-cycle team. Can you help? 071 624 4046.

CHARITIES NEED office furniture. Desks, PC's, shelves, etc. Telephone 071 925 0862.

YOUNG WOMAN accepted to study law but not eligible for a grant in urgent need of financial assistance in order to take up place. Please help. No donation too small. All donations acknowledged. Box 1226.

HELP! HAVEN'T SEEN my family in five years — would love to go home (N.Z.) for Christmas. Please send unwanted airmiles! Box 1326.

FOR A MERE £5,000 you could come to the rescue of a 21 year old desperate female in a terrible financial crisis. Please help. Box 1426.

I'M A GRADUATE electronics engineer and made a significant contribution to British industry for nine years. I've recently returned from an extensive tour of Asia and wish to an MSc but need to find sponsors. Excellent references. Enquiries and donations to Box 1526.

MUM AND KIDS need moderate financial help. Will reply. Box 1626.

ROMANIAN ENVIRONMENTAL group urgently needs support to save fantastic wildlife and natural resources in Romania. Write: 68 Chesterfield Road, Bristol, BS6 5DP.

MONEY WANTED.
Box 1725.

LONDON FIREMAN, desperate to rescue young family from repossession. Any donations or work. Thank you. Box 10721.

COMPUTER SOLUTIONS for PCs/Macs. Professional support, training, help and installations — JOHN 071 735 2285.

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STUDENTS! TAKE the easy road to success. SAE brings full details: ALISTAIR HOGG, Greenbank, Hood Street, Maryburgh, Dingwall IV7 8EB.

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ACCOMMODATION ADDRESS (Angel, Islington). Your name, our address. 071-833 3518.

MAKING A SPEECH? Personalised scripts professionally written for all social and business occasions. Call THE SPOKEN WORD, 071 354 9755.

LIMITED COMPANIES: £90. Brochure: FREEFONE 0800 526421.

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PROFIT FROM the stockmarket — secrets revealed in new guide, only £9.95. N. EVANS, 13 Winton Road, Cheltenham GL51 5AX.

EARN A SECOND income answering market research questions. SAE: DATABANK, 6 Greenlees Gdns, Glasgow G72, for first questionnaire.

AMERICAN UNIVERSITY seeks representative, marketing degree certificates. Potential £1,000 monthly plus. Details 010 345 248 6340.

RUN YOUR OWN business, work from home, full or part-time, easy to operate. Lots of ideas to increase your income for men and women. Send stamp for free exciting details. LIB SALES, Dept PE2, PO Box 68, Baldock, Herts SG7 5DR.

OFFSHORE BANKING/ law/pension funds. Enquiries invited from persons with experience. Box 0726.

CARTOONISTS NEEDED for new publication, (wicked) sense of humour required. One sample of best work to CARTOONS, 10 Nevern Place, SW5 9PR.

ROULETTE. MY STRATEGY works for me. You too could win regularly. No upfront fees. SAE, TAYLOR, PO Box 1846, Bournemouth BH3 7YA.

MAKE MONEY writing erotic books and stories. SAE, WRITE SOLUTION, 11 Holland Road, Hove, BN3 1F.

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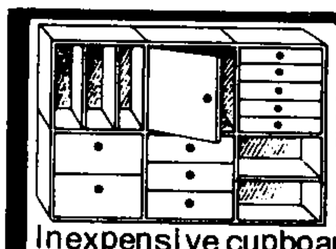

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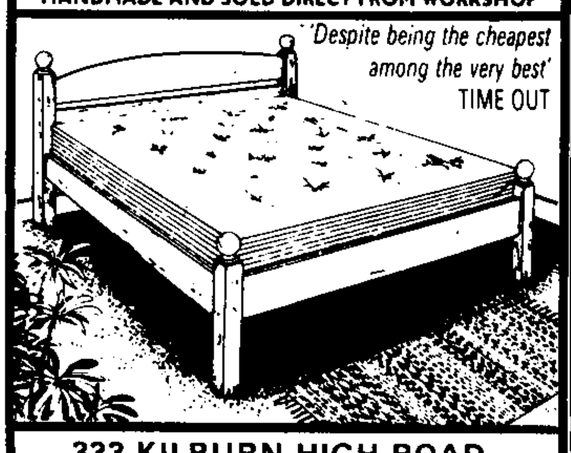

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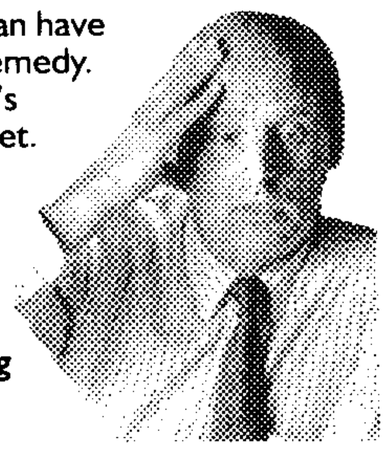

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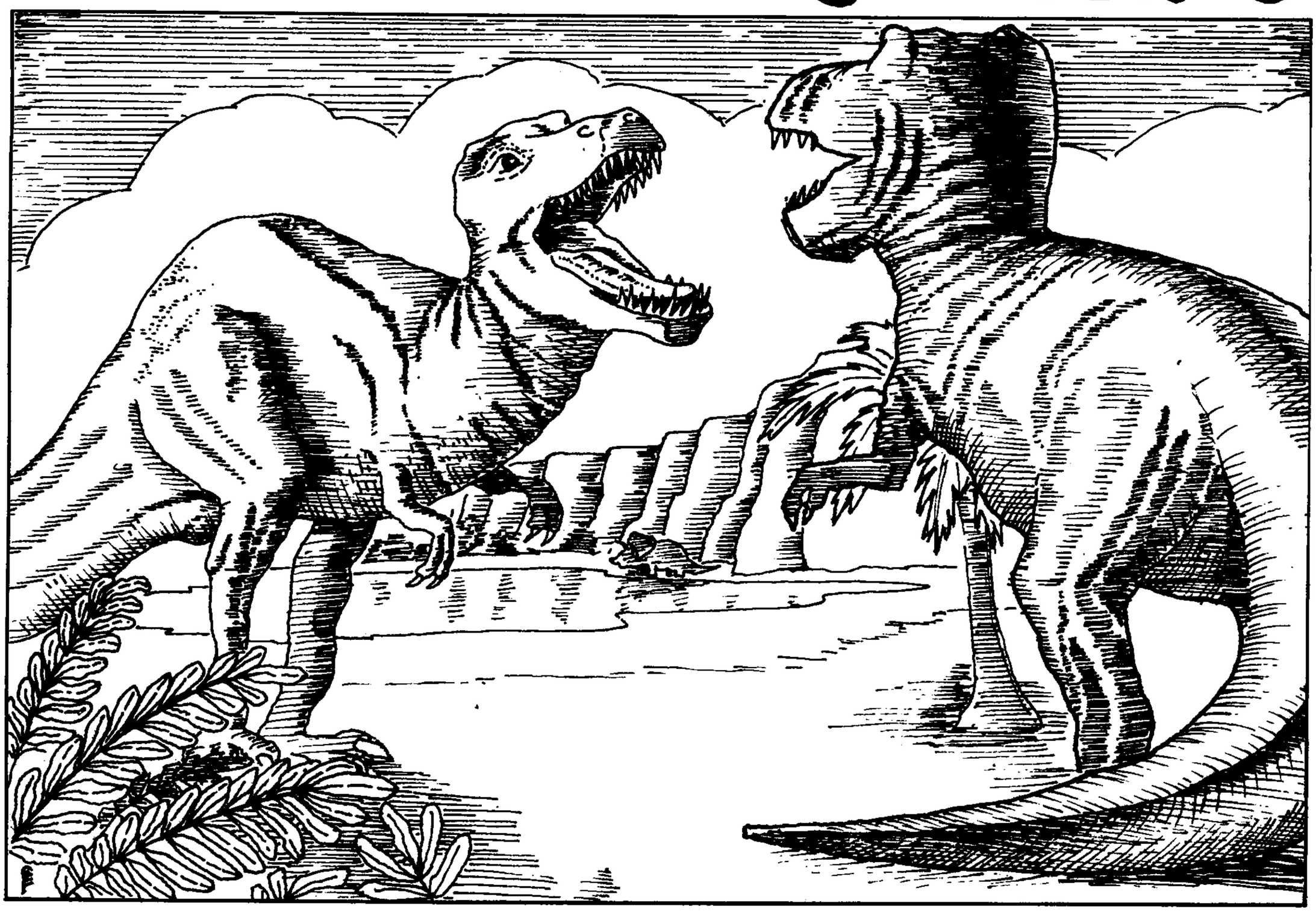

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